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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1841.

## REVIEWS

*A Comprehensive History of the Iron Trade, &c.*  
By H. Scrivenor. Smith & Elder.

CÆSAR, King of Lydia, was astounded when Solon declared that iron was a more valuable metal than gold: the Athenian philosopher, however, spoke only of its utility in war, but his assertion would not have been less true if he spoke of its profit to the artisan, and its price, when manufactured, in the market. Take, for example, the cast-iron ornaments of Berlin; the raw ore from which they are manufactured does not cost more than 1s. 6d. per cwt., but, wrought into ear-rings, the value becomes 2,743l. 2s. 6d. per cwt., and, made into shirt buttons, about 3,000l. per cwt.; it would not be easy to point out any other metal in which art can increase the value of the raw material 40,000 fold.

The history of the iron trade, from the earliest recorded period of its existence to its present flourishing condition, is a subject of equal magnitude and interest; we are therefore glad to see it undertaken by a gentleman who unites practical knowledge of the trade, to learning and research. It is, indeed, to be wished, either that the work had been enlarged, or the field of inquiry restricted; but, in spite of many omissions and imperfect statements, Mr. Scrivenor's volume is replete with information, and is the only attempt at a complete treatise on the subject which has yet issued from the press. A condensed view of the information he affords will do most justice to the author, and at the same time be most satisfactory to our readers.

Unlike gold, silver, or copper, iron is never discovered in its perfect form; its stubborn ores must be twice subjected to fire, and go through two laborious processes, before they yield metal fit for use. Hence we may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that men were acquainted with other metals before they learned the art of fabricating iron; and this conclusion is strengthened by an examination of the Egyptian monuments, on which the colour shows that most, if not all, of the metallic instruments represented were formed of brass or copper. History does not afford us any certain data for determining when the use of iron was discovered; the brief allusion of Tubal-Cain, in the book of Genesis, seems to prove that this metal was known to the antediluvian world, but if so, the knowledge of the discovery was soon lost among the descendants of Noah, for in every ancient nation of which we have any records, we find traditions of a period when the use of iron was unknown. Pliny is the first author who gives us any definite information respecting the iron trade of antiquity; he tells us that the best iron and steel were obtained from the Seres (the northern Chinese), and this agrees with the oriental tradition that the iron mines in the Altaian chain have been worked from the remotest antiquity. The smelting furnaces were built on the tops of hills, for the purpose of obtaining currents of air; until the bellows was invented, the operation depended upon the wind, and we find that this simple means of procuring a regular blast was unknown to the ancient Turks and Peruvians.

Whether the Britons were acquainted with iron previous to the arrival of the Romans is still a matter of antiquarian controversy, but certainly the British mines were actively worked by the Romans, as appears from the immense beds of cinders existing in various parts of the kingdom, in which Roman coins and other antiquities are frequently discovered.

Under the Saxons, Gloucester became the chief seat of the iron trade, the metal being ob-

tained from the Forest of Dean. We find it recorded in the Saxon Chronicles, that there were "six forges"—probably manufactories—in Gloucester at the death of Edward the Confessor, and from Domesday Book it appears that iron bars were the tribute which that city paid to the Norman conqueror. The trade declined after the Conquest to such an extent, that there was reason to fear a deficiency of iron for warlike and agricultural purposes; hence, in the 28th of Edward III., an act was passed, prohibiting the exportation of iron manufactured in England, and also of foreign iron which had been imported and sold.

During a century and a half, we find no record of the iron trade; but it must have greatly increased, since in the beginning of the reign of Richard III., a law was enacted against the importation of manufactured iron. The list of prohibited articles includes nearly all the domestic and agricultural implements used at the period, but makes no mention of armour or military weapons, which, from other sources, we know to have been rarely attempted by English artificers.

Passing on to the reign of Elizabeth, we find that the iron trade had become so extensive as to excite alarm for the timber of the country. Acts were passed prohibiting the use of timber beyond a certain size in working iron, forbidding the erection of new iron works in various counties, and at the same time requiring that iron of inferior quality should not be employed in manufactures. It is more gratifying to find that, in this reign, machinery had begun to make some progress; a company was incorporated for drawing wire by the mill, for hitherto it had been drawn by mere strength of hand.

The deficiency of wood to supply charcoal continually increasing, various attempts were made to smelt iron with pit coal; and so important was the attempt considered, that Lord Dudley's patent for the process was specially excepted from the Statute of Monopolies (A.D. 1624). The works which he erected were, unfortunately, destroyed by an ignorant mob, and nearly a century elapsed before the experiment was repeated on a large scale. During this period, various remedies were suggested: it was proposed to plant all the waste lands of England, to send the ore to be smelted in our American colonies, and to give bounties for the import of timber. As the woods of Ireland were still extensive, large quantities of ore were sent to be smelted in that country, and the remains of the furnaces then erected have often caused perplexity to Irish antiquarians. It was at this period that the large importations of iron from Russia and Sweden began; the blast furnaces in England, from want of fuel, having fallen from three hundred, in the reign of James I., to sixty in the time of George II.

The prosperity of the iron trade in England, may be said to date from the establishment of the Carron Iron Works in 1760, where pit-coal, subjected to a powerful blast, was found to be fully equal to charcoal. The steam-engine, which enabled manufacturers to increase and regulate the blast, gave a further impulse to smelting; it increased the average produce of each furnace from 294 to 545 tons, and the annual quantity of pig iron from 17,350 to 61,300 tons. In 1796, the average produce of each of 104 furnaces in England and Wales had risen to 1,048 tons per annum, making in the whole 108,992 tons. This prosperity attracted the notice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Pitt), who proposed laying a tax on pig-iron, but abandoned the plan on mature consideration. Lord Henry Petty revived the subject in the year 1806, when it appeared that there were 133 blast furnaces in

Great Britain, producing an average of 1,546 tons each, and a total of 258,206 tons annually. Of these, the furnace of Cyfartha, in South Wales, produced 10,460 tons, while that of Dovey, in North Wales, produced only 750. After a long discussion, the tax was abandoned on the ground of its inexpediency. The use of rollers, instead of hammers, for the formation of bar iron, gave a further increase to the iron trade,—especially in South Wales,—for the quantity of iron sent down the Glamorganshire Canal, increased from 41,611 tons in 1818, to 89,839 tons in 1828.

Unfortunately for statisticians, but fortunately for every body else, we have not the means of ascertaining the exact quantities of pig-iron annually produced in England, as it forms no item in excise-returns; but Mr. Mushet states that in 1839, there were 377 furnaces in blast, averaging annually 3,310 tons each, or 1,247,981 tons in the whole.

The introduction of the hot blast has led to a great saving in the expenditure of coal in the Scotch iron works. In 1829, 8 tons 1½ cwt. of coals were required to produce a ton of iron, but when the hot-blast was introduced in the following year, a ton of iron was obtained with only 2 tons 13½ cwt. of coals. The hot-blast has been tried in England, but with inferior success, owing to the difference in the quality of the coals. Mr. Scrivenor more than hints his fears that the Scotch iron may in consequence drive the English out of the market.

Let us now turn to the export trade of British iron, including unwrought steel, iron and cutlery. Out of the entire, amounting to 269,088 tons in 1839, no less than 85,171 tons, or about ¼ of the whole, were consumed in the United States. Mr. Scrivenor has, however, published a mass of documents, proving that the Americans are jealous of this dependence, and that vigorous efforts have been made by the iron-masters of Pennsylvania, to obtain such protecting duties as will all but exclude British iron from the American market. Mr. Scrivenor thus sums up the most important facts relating to the American iron-trade:—

"There are no data by which we can ascertain the quantity of iron produced in the United States prior to 1810. At that time, according to the official returns, the quantity of bar-iron made in this country was 24,471 tons, then valued at 2,640,778 dollars, of which 10,969 tons were made in Pennsylvania. From that time to 1830, the quantity had increased to 112,866 tons; in addition to which, 25,250 tons of castings were also made—the value of both amounted to 13,329,760 dollars: in making this quantity, 29,254 men were employed, and 146,273 subsisted, whose annual wages amounted to 8,776,420 dollars, and that in their support the farmer furnished food to the value of 4,000,490 dollars. The average quantity of hammered iron imported into the United States from 1821 to 1830 was about 26,200 tons annually, and of rolled iron about 5,600 tons—making together 31,800 tons, valued at 1,762,000 dollars. The whole quantity of hammered and rolled iron consumed in the United States in 1830 may be estimated at about 144,666 tons. The value of the various foreign manufactures of iron consumed in this country, on an average, from 1821 to 1830, was about 4,000,000 dollars yearly—making the whole amount of foreign iron and its manufactures annually consumed in the United States, say 5,762,000 dollars. If the whole quantity made in the United States in 1830 were computed in pig-iron it would amount to 191,536 tons—produced from 239 furnaces, averaging fifteen and a half tons each furnace per week—two-fifths of this quantity were made in Pennsylvania. The quantity made in all the States in 1837 may be fairly taken at 250,000 tons."

There is probably no branch of industry which so forcibly exposes the inexpediency of protecting duties as the iron trade. In 1826 the import duties

on foreign iron, which had been almost prohibitory, were reduced to about one-fourth of their former amount, and since that period the property in iron mines has been more than doubled. In France, on the other hand, the iron-masters, in spite, or we should rather say in consequence, of protection, were thus described by M. Auguste Perdonnet in 1831:—

"Many of their works are in a state of real distress—enormous capitals have been swallowed up—each one in his turn has attempted their management—they have had in succession at their head clever theorists, expert practitioners, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Germans—the custom-house duties have been increased for their protection, and still they are in general far from being in a state of prosperity."

But it is very doubtful whether the French iron-masters will be able to maintain this monopoly. "A protective system necessarily relinquishes the markets of the world for the home market," and every French artisan paying more for his tools than his rivals in another state, is obliged to make a proportionate addition to the articles he produces, and be so much the more unable to meet competition in a foreign market:—

"The annual consumption of France cannot be estimated at less than 160,000 tons of iron. The average difference of price between France and England has been for the last twenty years more than 10l. per ton. The smallest annual loss is therefore 1,600,000l. The law of 1822 has been more than ten years, that of 1814 was eight years in operation. They have cost the French people above 30,000,000l. sterling in positive and direct sacrifice of the national wealth, and double that amount in indirect sacrifice. The relative prices of French and English iron are now far more remote than they were when the protective system was called into its present active operation. Ruinous losses have attended many of the iron-making adventurers; the largest of the iron companies have become bankrupt, and so far from the protecting experiment having produced the consequences anticipated by its advocates, we shall be enabled to show that its failure has been as signal as its cost has been enormous."

We shall conclude by extracting Mr. Scrivenor's account of the present prospects of the iron-trade, which he deems most encouraging:—

"It is truly astonishing, when we look back and consider in how few years the iron manufacture has arrived at its present vast extent, and that this rapid increase has occasioned no heavy accumulations of stock; the iron trade, in common with all other trades, feels the effect of any general stagnation, but not from over production—as with its growth new channels of consumption have kept pace. The endless detail into which the foundry trade branches itself, the almost universal fabrication which it embraces, consumes a very large proportion of the make: in buildings, iron is becoming a very general substitute for wood; railroads may also be particularly mentioned as consuming a very considerable quantity of manufactured as well as cast iron, but principally the former. It would be endless to show where it has been, within a few years, introduced, but we cannot omit noticing its recent application to the building of ships. The success attending these first trials cannot but lead to the conclusion, that for the future, ships will very generally be made of iron instead of wood, and if so, what a field it opens to the ironmaster, and how greatly it will add to the consumption. The plates of which the ships will be built must necessarily be of a very superior description of iron, involving a greater waste, and consequently increasing the consumption of pig-iron; and those works must be benefited, the quality and character of whose iron stands high—as, where the safety of hundreds or thousands of individuals is at stake, the very best iron alone should be used. With increased facilities of procuring iron at a reasonable price, America, and also France, provided that in this latter country the duties are reduced, will become large purchasers; and our iron-trade, unlike many of the other manufactures, being altogether the production of our own soil, will continue to give employment to hundreds of thousands of our population, to the great advantage of the country at

large, as well, we trust, as the individual benefit of the ironmaster."

*Amenities of Literature.* By I. D'Israeli, D.C.L.  
[Concluding Notice.]

THESE volumes increase in interest as we approach the period when English literature shone forth in all its meridian lustre—yet this interest is incidental rather than direct. Though the essays on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and others of name and fame, are ably written—that on Chaucer is admirable, as a suggestive summary, and that on Spenser for the skill with which slight and fragmentary materials are woven into an intelligible biography, the very mist which involves the few facts becoming itself a source of mysterious interest:—still Mr. D'Israeli's special vocation is not with these, the "ever fixed stars," but with "those lesser lights" which, in their sphere and in degree, tend to make beautiful our literary hemisphere, though commonly overlooked or disregarded. Therefore it is that, as caterers for the public, we seek by his aid, not so much to illustrate the known and the familiar, as to throw a light on the obscure or the unknown; and shall recommence this our concluding notice with a sketch of the history of the Reformer Bishop Bale and the Romanist John Heywood the court jester:—

"Bale, bishop of Ossory, and John Heywood, the court jester, were contemporaries, and both equally shared in the mutable fortunes of the satiric dramas of their times; but they themselves were the antipodes of each other: the earnest Protestant Bale, the gravest reformer, and the inflexible Catholic, Heywood, noted for 'his mad merry wit,' form one of those remarkable disparities which the history of literature sometimes offers. Bale was originally educated in a monastery; he found an early patron, and professed the principles of the Reformation; and, like Luther, sealed his emancipation from Catholic celibacy by a wife, whom he tenderly describes as 'his faithful Dorothea.'—From the day of marriage the malice of persecution haunted the hapless heretic; such personal hatreds could not fail of being mutual. He seems to have too hastily anticipated the Reformation under Henry the Eighth, for though that monarch had freed himself from 'the bishop of Rome,' he had by no means put aside the doctrines, and Bale, who had already begun a series of two-and-twenty reforming interludes in his 'maternal idiom,' found it advisable to leave a kingdom but half-reformed. He paused not, however, till he had written a whole library against 'the Papelins,' the last production always seemed the most venomous. On the death of Henry he unexpectedly appeared before Edward the Sixth, who imagined that he had died. Bale had the misfortune to be promoted to the Irish bishopric of Ossory—to plant Protestantism in a land of Papistry! Frustrated in his unceasing fervour, Bale escaped from martyrdom by hiding himself in Dublin. The death of Edward relieved our Protestant bishop from this sad dilemma; for on the accession of Mary he flew into Switzerland. There he indulged his anti-papistical vein; the press sent forth a brood, among which might have been some of better growth, for he laboured on our British biography and literature.—Such were the beginnings of our literary history. On the accession of Elizabeth, his country received back its exile; but Bale refused to be reinstated in his Irish see, and sunk into a quiet prebendary of Canterbury. \* \* Of John Heywood, the favourite jester of Henry the Eighth and his daughter Mary, and the intimate of Sir Thomas More, whose congenial humour may have mingled with his own, more table-talk and promptness at reply have been handed down to us than of any writer of the times. His quips, and quirks, and quibbles, are of his age, but his copious pleasantry still enlivens; these smoothed the brow of Henry, and relaxed the rigid muscles of the melancholy Mary. He had the *entrée* at all times to the privy-chamber, and often to administer a strong dose of himself, which her majesty's physicians would prescribe. \* \* Heywood, who had flourished under Henry, on the change in the reign of Edward, clung to the ancient customs. He was a Romanist, but

had he not recovered in some degree from the coxery of superstition, he had not so keenly exposed, as he has done, some vulgar impostures. It happened, however, that some unlucky jest, trenching on treason, flew from the lips of the unguarded jester; it would have hanged some—'but pleasant verses promptly addressed to the young sovereign saved him at the pinch,—however he gathered from 'the council' that this was no jesting-time, and he left the country in the day that Bale was returning from his emigration under King Henry. On Mary's accession, Bale again retired, and Heywood suddenly appeared at court. Asked by the queen 'What wind blew him there?' 'Two specially; the one to see her majesty!' he replied. 'We thank you for that,' said the queen, 'but I pray you what is the other?' 'That your grace might see me!' There was shrewdness in this pleasantry, to bespeak the favour of his royal patroness. Four short years did not elapse ere Elizabeth opened her long reign, and then the merry Romanist for ever bid farewell to his native land, while Bale finally sat beside his English hearth. These were very moveable and removeable times, and no one was certain how long he should remain in his new locality."

What a field for speculation is opened to us all by the following summary of the immediate effects of the Reformation:—

"Our mutable governments during four successive reigns gave rise to incidents which had not occurred in the annals of any other people. With the higher orders it was not only a conflict of the old and the new religions; public disputations were frequent, creeds were yet to be drawn from school-divinity, the artificial logic of syllogisms and metaphysical disputations held before mixed audiences, where the appellant, when his memory or his acumen failed him, was disconcerted by the respondent; but when the secular arm was called in, alternately as each faction predominated, and the lives and properties of men were to be the result of these opinions, then men knew not what to think, nor how to act. What had served as argument and axiom within a few years, a state proclamation condemned as false and erroneous. A dereliction of principle spread as the general infection of the times, and in despair many became utterly indifferent to the event of affairs to which they could apply no other remedy than to fall in with the new course, whatever that might be. The history of the universities exhibits this mutable picture of the nation. There were learned doctors who under Henry the Eighth abjured their papacy—under Edward vacillated, not knowing which side to lean on—under Mary recanted—and under Elizabeth again abjured. Many an apostate on both sides seemed converted into zealous penitents; persecutors of the friends with whom they had consorted, and deniers of the very opinions which they had so earnestly propagated. The facility with which some illustrious names are recorded to have given way to the pressure of events seems almost incredible; but, for the honour of human nature, on either side there were some who were neither so tractable nor so infirm. The heads of houses stood for antiquity, with all its sacred rust of time; they looked on reform with a suspicious eye, while every man in his place marked his eager ejector on the watch. Under Edward the Sixth, Dr. Richard Smith, a potent scholastic, stood forth the stern advocate of the ancient order of things. However, to preserve his professorship, this doctor recanted of 'his popish errors'; shortly afterwards he declared that it was no recantation, but a retraction signifying nothing: to make the doctor somewhat more intelligible, and a rumour spreading that 'Dr. Smith was treading in his old steps,' he was again enforced to read his recantation, with an acknowledgment that 'his distinction was frivolous, both terms signifying the same thing.' He did not recant the professorship till Crammer invited Peter Martyr from Germany to the chair of the disguised Romanist. The political Jesuit attended even the lectures of his obtrusive rival, took notes with a fair countenance, till suddenly burst the latent explosion. An armed party menaced the life of Peter Martyr, and a theological challenge was sent from the late professor to hold a disputation on 'the real presence.' Peter Martyr protested against the barbarous and ambiguous terms of the scholastic logic, and would only consent to explain the mystery of the sacrament



by the terms of *caraliter* and *corporaliter*; for the Scriptures, in describing the Supper, mention the flesh and the body, not the matter and substance. He would however indulge them to accept the terms of *realiter* and *substantialiter*. There was 'a great hubbub' at Oxford on this most eventful issue. The popish party and the reformers were alike hurried and busied; books and arguments were heaped together; the meanest citizen took his stand. The reforming visitors of Edward arrived; all met, all but Dr. Smith, who had flown to Scotland, on his way to Louvain. However, he had left his able deputies, who were deep in the lore in which it appears Peter Martyr required frequent aid to get on. Both the adverse parties triumphed; that is usual in these logomachies; but the Romanists account for the success of the Reformed by the circumstance that their judges were Reformers. Such abstruse subjects connected with religious associations, and maintained or refuted by the triumph or the levity of some haughty polemic, produced the most irreverent feelings among the vulgar. As the Reformation was then to be predominant, the common talk of the populace was diversified by rhymes and ballads; and it was held, at least by the wits, that there was 'no real presence,' since Dr. Smith had not dared to show himself. The papistical sacrament was familiarly called 'Jack in the box,' 'Worm's meat,' and other ludicrous terms, one of which has descended to us in the term which jugglers use of *hocus pocus*. This familiar phrase, Anthony Wood informs us, originated in derision of the words, 'Hoc est corpus,' slovenly pronounced by the mumbling priest in delivering the emblem as a reality. As opprobrious words with the populace indicate their furious acts, scandalous scenes soon followed. The censurers were snatched from the hands of the officiating priests; mass-books were flung at their heads; all red-lettered and illuminated volumes were chopped in pieces by hatchets; nor was this done always by the populace, but by students, who in their youth and their reform knew of no better means to testify their new loyalty to the visitors of Edward. One of the more ludicrous scenes among so many shameful ones, was a funeral exhibition of the schoolmen. Peter Lombard, 'the master of sentences,' accompanied by Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, carried on biers, were tumbled into bonfires! Five years after these memorable scenes, the same drama was to be repeated, performed by a different company of actors. Religion assumed a new face; that which had hardly been established was blasted by the name of heresy. All who had flourished under Edward were now called in question. The ancient tenants now ejected the newcomers; and affronted them by the same means they had themselves been affronted. No one at first knew how affairs were to turn out; some still clung to the reform; others were reverting to the old system. There were in fact for some time two religions at once in the university. The Common Prayer-Book in English was however but faintly read, while the Mass was loudly chanted. Jewel's letter to the Queen was cautiously worded. This zealous reformer, in an unhappy moment, had yielded to his fears, and subscribed a recantation, which he soon after abjured before a Protestant congregation in Germany. When Peter Martyr heard the little bell ring to Mass, he sighed, and said, 'that bell would destroy all the sound doctrine in the college.' Gardiner gave him a safe-conduct homewards, which saved Peter Martyr from the insolent triumph of his rival, the scholastic Dr. Smith, and the Spanish friars with whom Mary supplied his place. But the Marianists also burned books, as likewise men! The funeral of the schoolmen carried on their biers was too recent to be forgotten; and in return, all Bibles in English, and all the commentators on the Bible in the vernacular idiom, and which, we are told, 'for their number seemed almost infinite,' were thrown together in the market-place; and the lighted pyre proclaimed to Oxford the ominous flames of superstition, which consumed, not long after, opposite to Baliol College, the great unfortunate victims of reformation. There Latimer and Ridley bowed their spirits in the fire, while Cranmer, from the top of the Boarado, witnessed the immolation, praying to God to strengthen them, and felt in anticipation his own coming fate. Then followed expulsions and emigrations. We have a long list of names. Five years afterwards, such

was the rapid change of scenery, these fugitives returned, to re-possess themselves of their seats, and were again and finally the ejectors under Elizabeth. The history of this mutable period is remarkably shown in the singular incident of Catherine, the wife of Peter Martyr, and St. Frideswide. Peter Martyr, when celibacy was the indispensable virtue of an ecclesiastic, brought his wife into his college, and also his bawling children. This spirit of reform was an abhorrence to the conscience and the quiet of the monks. A brothel, a prostitute, and a race of bastards, formed, according to the old inmates, the residence of the family of the reformer. The wife of Martyr died, and was interred near the relics of St. Frideswide. In the Marian days, it was resolved that the departed female should be condemned for heresy, and, since the corpse lay not distant from 'that religious virgin St. Frideswide,' it should be disinterred; and the Dean of Christ Church had the remains of Martyr's wife dug up and buried in the dunghill of his stable. Five years after, when Elizabeth reigned, the fate of the disturbed bones of the wife of Martyr was recollected, and, by command, with patience and ingenuity, the sub-dean collected from the dunghill the bones which time had disjointed, and placed them in a coffin in the cathedral till they should be re-buried with greater solemnity. A search was at the same time made by the sub-dean for the bones of St. Frideswide, which were not found where they had reposed for centuries. They had been hidden by some relic-adoring Catholic, to save them from the profane hands of the triumphant heretics of Edward the Sixth. In the obscurest part of the church, after much seeking, two silken bags were discovered, which had carefully preserved the relics of St. Frideswide. The sub-dean, who seems to have been at once a Romanist and a Reformer, considered that these bones of Peter Martyr's wife and the female saint should receive equal honours. He put them in the same coffin, and they were re-interred together. This incident provoked some scoffs from the witless, and some grave comments from those who stood more in awe of the corpse of the saint than of the sinner. Thus they were buried and coupled together; and a scholar, whether a divine or a philosopher his ambiguous style will not assure us, inscribed this epitaph:—

*Hic jacet Religio cum Superstitione.*

"Did the profound writer insinuate a wish that in one grave should lie mingled together Religion with Superstition? or that they are still as inseparable as the bones of the wife of Peter Martyr with the bones of St. Frideswide? Or did he mean nothing more than the idle antithesis of a scholar's pen?"

One of the ablest essays in these volumes is on 'The first Jesuits in England.' All Mr. Ainsworth's exaggerations will never impress the reader with such a consciousness of the devotion and the power of these men as this brief historical essay. The account of a work, popularly known as 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' and believed to have been written by Parsons, is equally interesting and suggestive:—

"A Dialogue between a Scholar, a Gentleman, and a Lawyer," was printed abroad in 1583 or 1584, and soon found a conveyance into England. The first edition was distinguished as 'Father Parsons' Green Coat,' from its green cover. It is now better known as 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' a title drawn from one of its sarcastic phrases. To describe this political libel as a mere invective, would convey but an imperfect notion of its singularity. The occasion which levelled this artful and elaborate scandalous chronicle at Leicester, and at Leicester alone, remains as unknown as this circumstantial narrative descends to us unauthenticated and unrefuted. That the whole was framed by invention, is as incredible as that the favourite of Elizabeth during thirty years could possibly have kept his equal tenor throughout such a criminal career, besides not a few atrocities which were prevented by intervening accidents with which the writer seems equally conversant as with those perpetrated. The mysterious marriages of Leicester—his first lady found at the foot of the stairs with her neck broken, but 'without hurting the hood on her head'—husbands dying quickly—solemnized marriages reduced to contracts—are remarkable accidents. We find strange persons in the Earl's house-

hold; Salvador, the Italian chemist, a confidential counsellor, supposed to have departed from this world with many secrets, succeeded by Dr. Julio, who risked the promotion. We are told of the lady who had lost her hair and her nails—of the exquisite salad which Leicester left on the supper-table when called away, which Sir Nicholas Throgmorton swore had ended his life—of the Cardinal Chatillon, who, after having been closeted with the Queen, returning to France, never got beyond Canterbury—of the sending a casuist with a case of conscience to Walsingham, to satisfy that statesman of the moral expediency of ridding the state of the Queen of Scots by an Italian philtre—all these incidents almost induce one to imagine the existence of an English Borgia, full-length drawn by the hand of a Machiavel. If this strange history were true, it would not be wanting in a moral; for if Leicester were himself this poisoner, there seems some reason to believe that the poisoner himself was poisoned. 'The beast,' as Throgmorton called this Earl, found but a frail countess in the Lady Lettice, whose first husband, the Earl of Essex, had suddenly expired. The master of the horse had fired her passion—a hired bravo, in cleaving his skull, did not succeed in despatching the wounded lover: where the blow came from they did not doubt. Leicester was conducting his countess to Kenilworth; stopping at Cornbury Hall, in Oxfordshire, the lady was possibly reminded of the tale of Cumnor Hall. To Leicester, after his usual excessive indulgence at table, the Countess deemed it necessary to administer a cordial—it was his last draught! Such is the revelation of the page, and latterly the gentleman of this Earl. Certain it is that Leicester was suddenly seized with fever, and died on his way to Kenilworth, and that the master of the horse shortly after married the poisoning countess of the great poisoner. Had the writer unskillfully heaped together such atrocious acts, or such ambiguous tales, the libel had not endured; the life of this new Borgia is composed of richer materials than extravagant crimes. It furnishes a picture of eventful days and busy personages; truth and fiction brightening and shadowing each other. Some close observer in the court circle, one who sickened at the Queen's insolent favourite, was a malicious correspondent. Some realities lie on the surface; and Sir Philip Sidney was baffled, or confounded, when he would have sent forth his chivalric challenge to the veiled accuser. \* \* \* The libel was most diligently spread about—'La vie abominable' was read throughout Europe. This story of the 'subject without subjection,' who 'shoots at a diadem,' in England or Scotland, and turns England into a 'Leicesterian commonwealth,' raised princely anger: the Queen condescended to have circular letters written to protest against it, considering the libel as reflecting on herself, in the choice of so principal a counsellor: and though her Majesty discovered that the author was nothing less than 'an incarnate devil,' yet to this day the state-favourite Leicester remains the most mysterious personage in our history; nor is there any historian from the days of Camden who dares to extenuate suspicions which come to us palpable as realities. In truth, the life of Leicester is darkness; his political intrigues probably were carried on with all parties, which probably he adopted and betrayed by turns—at last his caprice stood above law. And even in his domestic privacy there were strange incidents, dark and secret, which eye was not to see, nor ear to listen to; and we have a remarkable chance-evidence of this singular fact in that mysterious sonnet of Spenser prefixed to his version of Virgil's 'Gnat,' whose sad tale was his own, dedicated 'to the deceased lord'; his 'cloudy tears' have left 'this riddle rare' to some 'future Ædipus' who has never arisen."

A paper 'On Pamphlets'—those records, as Mr. D'Israeli observes, which contain the secret history of a people—offers matter of interest:—

"The age of Charles the First may be characterised as the age of pamphlets. Of that remarkable period, we possess an extraordinary collection, which amounts to about thirty thousand pieces, uniformly bound in two thousand volumes of various sizes, accompanied by twelve folio volumes of the catalogue chronologically arranged, exhibiting their full titles. Even the date of the day is noted when each pamphlet was

published. It includes a hundred in manuscript written on the king's side, which at the time were not allowed to be printed. The formation of this collection is a romantic incident in the annals of Bibliography. In that critical year, 1640, a bookseller of the name of Thomason conceived the idea of preserving, in that new age of contested principles, an unbroken chain of men's arguments, and men's doings. We may suppose that this collector, commencing with the year 1640, and continuing without omission or interruption to the year 1660, could not at first have imagined the vast career he had to run; there was, perhaps, sagacity in the first thought, but there was far more intrepidity in never relinquishing this favourite object during these perilous twenty years, amid a conflict of costly expenditure, of personal danger, and almost insurmountable difficulties. The design was carried on in secrecy through confidential servants, who at first buried the volumes as they collected them; but they soon became too numerous for such a mode of concealment. The owner, dreading that the ruling government would seize on the collection, watched the movements of the army of the Commonwealth, and carried this itinerant library in every opposite direction. Many were its removals, northward or westward, but the danger became so great, and the collection so bulky, that he had at one time an intention to pass them over into Holland, but feared to trust his treasure to the waves. He at length determined to place them in his warehouses, in the form of tables round the room, covered with canvas. It is evident that the loyalty of the man had rendered him a suspected person; for he was once dragged from his bed, and imprisoned for seven weeks, during which time, however, the collection suffered no interruption, nor was the secret betrayed. The secret was, however, evidently not unknown to some faithful servants of the king; for when, in 1647, his majesty at Hampton Court desired to see a particular pamphlet, it was obtained for him from this collection, though the collector was somewhat chary of the loan, fearing the loss of what he felt as a limb of his body, not probably recoverable. The king had the volume with him in his flight towards the Isle of Wight; but it was returned to the owner, with his majesty's earnest exhortation, that he should diligently continue the collection. A slight accident which happened to the volume occasioned the collector to leave this interesting incident on record.\* When Cromwell ruled, a place of greater security was sought for than the owner's warehouses: a fictitious sale was made to the University of Oxford, who would be more able to struggle for their preservation than a private individual, if the Protector discovered and claimed these distracted documents of the history of his own times. Mr. Thomason lived to complete

\* "In vol. 100, small quarto, we find the following memorandum:—'Mem'd that Col. Will Legg and Mr. Arthur Treavor were employed by his majesty K. Ch. to gett for his present use a pamphlet which his majesty had then occasion to make use of, & not meeting with it they both came to me having heard that I did employ myself to rake up all such things from the beginning of that Parliament, and finding it with me told me it was for his majesty's own use. I told them all I had were at his majesty's command and service, & withal told them if I should part with it and lose it—presuming that when his majesty had done with it, that little account would be made of it, and that if I should lose it, by that loss a limb of my collection, which I should be very loth to see, well knowing it would be impossible to supplie it if it should happen to be lost, with which answer they returned to his majesty at Hampton Ct. (as I take it) & told him they had found the person which had it, & withal how loath he that had it was to part with it, he much fearing its loss. Whereupon they came to me again from his majesty to tell me that upon the word of a king (to use the king's own expressions) they would safely return it, whereupon immediately by them I sent it to his majesty. Who having done with it & having it with him when he was going towards the Isle of Wight, let it fall in the dirt, and then calling for the two persons (who attended him) delivered it to them with a charge as they would answer it another day, that they should both speedily & safely return it to him from whom they had received it, and withal to desire the party to go on & continue what had begun. Which book together with his majesty's signification to me, by these worthy and faithful gens. I received both speedily and safely. My volume hath that mark of honour which no other volume in my collection hath, & vry diligently and carefully I continued the same until that most hapie restoration & coronation of his most gracious majesty King Charles ye 2d, whom God long preserve."

"GEO THOMASON."

"The volume bears the 'honours' of its mischance. There are a great number of stains on the edges of the leaves—some more than an inch in depth. The accident must have happened on the road in the king's flight, from the marks of the mud."

his design; he witnessed the restoration, and died in 1666, leaving his important collection, which was still lodged at Oxford, and which he describes in his will 'as not to be paralleled,' in trust to be sold for the benefit of his children. His will affords an evidence that he was a person of warm patriotic feelings, with a singular turn of mind, for he left a stipend of forty shillings for two sermons to be annually preached, one of which was to commemorate the destruction of the Armada. The collection continued at Oxford many years awaiting a purchaser; and at length appears to have been bought by Mearne, 'the king's stationer,' at the command of the secretary of state for Charles the Second; but Charles, who would little value old pamphlets, and more particularly these, which only reminded him of such mortifying occurrences, by an order in council in 1684 munificently allowed the widow of Mearne to dispose of them as well as she could. In 1709 we find them offered to Lord Weymouth, and in 1732 they were still undisposed of; but in those times of loyal rebellion, either for the assumption or the restoration of the throne, that of the Commonwealth excited so little interest, that this extraordinary collection was so depreciated, that Oldys then considered it would not reach the twentieth part of the four thousand pounds which it was said that the collector had once refused for it. In 1745 a representative of the Mearne family still held the volumes, and eventually they were purchased at the small price of three or four hundred pounds by George the Third, and by him were presented to the national library, where they now bear the name of the King's Pamphlets. Thus having escaped from seizure and dispersion, this noble collection remained in the hands of those who prized it as a valueless incumbrance, and yet seem to have respected the object of the enterprise, for they preserved it entire. It may be some consolation to such intrepid collectors that their intelligence and their fervour are not in vain, and however they may fail in the attainment of their motive, a great end may fortunately be achieved."

With an able and excellent paper on Harrington, the author of *Oceana*, we must conclude:—

"The psychological history of Harrington combines with his works. His was a thoughtful youth, like that of Sidney, of Milton, and Gray, which never needed correction, but rather kept those around him in awe. Among the usual studies of his age, it was an enterprise to have acquired the modern languages, as entering into an extensive plan of foreign travel, which the boy had already decided on. The death of his father before his legal age enabled him to realise this project. Political studies, however, had not yet occurred to him; and when he left England, he knew no more of monarchy, anarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, or oligarchy, than as hard words for which he was obliged to look into the dictionary. In Holland he first contemplated on the image of popular liberty, recent from the yoke of Spain; it was a young people rejoicing in the holiday of freedom. There he found a friend in the fugitive Queen of Bohemia: his uncle, Lord Harrington, had been the governor of that spirited princess. He passed over into Denmark with the crownless elector, soliciting for that aid which no political prudence could afford. He resisted the seductions of those noble friendships in pursuit of his great plan. He entered France, he loitered in Germany, and at length advanced into Italy. At Rome, he refused to bestow on his holiness the prostrate salutation, and when some Englishmen complained of their compatriot's stiffness to Charles the First, who reminded the young philosopher that he might have performed a courteous custom as to a temporal prince, the reply was happy, 'having kissed his majesty's hand, he would always hold it beneath him to kiss any prince's toe. Our future political theorist was deeply struck in his admiration of the aristocratic government of Venice, which he conceived to be the most perfect and durable government hitherto planned by the wit of man.' \* \* \* Harrington returned home an accomplished cavalier; but the Commonwealth of Holland, the aristocracy of Venice, the absolute monarchy of France, imperial Germany, and what else he had contemplated in the northern courts, must have furnished to his thoughtful mind the elements of his theory of politics. He returned home to the privacy of his studies, refusing any

public employment; but that he kept up an intercourse with the court, appears by his personal acquaintance with the king. Many years form a blank in his life; once indeed he had made an ineffectual attempt to enter parliament, but failed, though his sentiments were well known in favour of popular government. It is probable that in that unhappy period, when persons and events were alike of so mixed and ambiguous a character, our philosopher could not sympathise with the clash of temporary passions. When the king was to be conveyed from Newcastle in 1646, Harrington was chosen to attend his person as 'a gentleman well known to the king before, and who had never engaged with any party whatever.' He was then in his thirty-fifth year. This appointment of Harrington was agreeable to the king. Charles found in Harrington the character he well knew to appreciate. He conversed on books, and pictures, and foreign affairs, and found a ripe scholar, a travelled mind, and a genius overflowing with strange speculative notions. Their conversations were free; Harrington did not conceal his predilection for commonwealth institutions, at which the king was impatient. Neither could bring the other to his own side, for each was fixed in taking opposite views; the one looking to the advantages of monarchy, and the other to those of a republic. The only subject they could differ on, never interrupted their affections; the theoretical commonwealth-man, and the practical monarch, in their daily intercourse, found that they had a heart for each other. In Charles the First, Harrington discovered a personage unlike the distorted image which political passions had long held out. In adversity the softened prince seemed only to be 'the man of sorrows.' On one occasion Harrington vindicated the king's conduct, and urged that the royal concessions were satisfactory. This strong personal attachment to Charles alarmed the party in power. Harrington was ordered away. He subsequently visited the king when at St. James's, and was present at the awful act of the decapitation. Charles presented Harrington with a last memorial. Aubrey, who knew Harrington, may tell the rest of his story. 'Mr. Harrington was on the scaffold with the king when he was beheaded; and I have oftentimes heard him speak of King Charles the First with the greatest zeal and passion imaginable; and that his death gave him so great grief, that he contracted a disease by it; that never anything did go so near to him.' The agony of that terrible day afflicted Harrington with a malady from which he was never afterwards freed; a profound melancholy preyed upon his spirits; he withdrew into utter seclusion, not to mourn, but to despond. His friends were alarmed at a hermit's melancholy; some imagined that his affection for the king had deranged his intellect; others ascribed his seclusion to mere discontent with the times. To rid himself of friendly importunities, and to evince that his mind was not deranged, whatever might be his feelings, he confided to his circle that he had long been occupied in the study of civil government, to invent an art which should prevent the disorders of a state."

The Cromwellians had no desire to be troubled with speculative theories, and the Cavaliers, who knew Harrington's admiration for republican institutions, were equally opposed to the publication of this "art."

"This romance of politics (the *Oceana*) has been pronounced by a high authority as 'one of the boasts of English literature;' and the philosophic Hume has even ventured to pronounce the work as 'the only valuable model of a Commonwealth that has yet been offered to the public.' Perhaps the historian would pass it off as 'the only valuable one,' from a conviction that it was perfectly harmless. It is worthy of remark, that when, in 1688, a grand *auto de fé* was performed by the University of Oxford on certain political works—when they condemned to the flames Baxter's 'Holy Commonwealth,' written against Harrington's 'Heathen Commonwealth,' as Baxter calls 'Oceana,' with Hobbes, and Milton, and others—no one proposed this condign punishment to the names of Harrington, considering, no doubt, that a romance was too impracticable as a political system. Yet the Republican party has always held to 'Oceana' as their text book; and it was with this view that

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Toland edited this great work, and in his life of Milton, has declared 'Oceana' to be an unrivalled model of commonwealth, for its *practicableness, equality, and completeness*; and once Holles, during the fervour of founding a republic in Corsica, recommended by public advertisement 'Oceana' as the most perfect model of a free government. 'Oceana' has perpetuated a thoughtful politician's dreams. But are there no realities in dreams? Even in dreaming, a great artist often combines conceptions too fugitive, too mysterious, too beautiful, for his palpable canvas. And thus the fanciful pictures of our philosophical politician were the results of his deep and varied studies in the ancient and modern writings on the science of politics—from Aristotle to Machiavel, from Machiavel to Hobbes. His pages are studied with axioms of policy, and impress by many an enduring truth. His style is not always polished, and is sometimes perplexed; but no writer has exceeded him in the felicity and boldness of his phrases; and his pen, though busied on higher matters, sparkles with imagery and illustration."

We cannot of course enter into a consideration of the merits or demerits of this work, now almost forgotten; but must confine ourselves to the personal history of the amiable writer. Soon after the Restoration, and while engaged in his dreamy speculations, he was arrested for treasonable designs and practices:—

"As they were huddling together the scattered members of the 'Oceanic' mind, the innocent philosopher, innocent of treason, begged the favour of 'stitching them together' before they were taken to Whitehall. The derangement of his system appeared to him more dreadful than seeing himself hurried to the Tower."

The few subsequent events in the life of this speculative philosopher, are gloomy and sad:—

"In vain his sisters petitioned that the prisoner, for his justification, should be brought to trial,—no one dared to present the petition to parliament. He was suddenly carried off to St. Nicholas Island, near Plymouth, and by favour afterwards was lodged in Plymouth Castle, where the governor treated the state-prisoner with the kindness he had long wanted. His health gradually gave way—his mind fell into disorder; his high spirit and his heated brain could not brook this tormenting durance—his intellect was at times clouded by some singular delusions, and his family imagined that it was intended that he should never more write 'Oceana.' \* His delusions never left him, yet otherwise his faculties remained unaltered. He had strange fancies about the operations of the animal spirits, good and evil, and often alarmed his friends by his vivacious descriptions of these invisible agencies. 'Nature,' he said, 'which works under a veil, is the art of God.' But how are we to account, in a mind otherwise sane, for his notion that his thoughts transpired from him, and took the shape of flies or bees?"

There is a curious circumstance connected with the later editions of Harrington's works, which, in justice to his memory, ought to be more generally known:—

"Opening the volume," says Mr. D'Israeli, "we are startled by an elaborate treatise on 'The Grounds and Reasons of Monarchy.' It is not merely one of the most eloquent invectives against monarchical institutions, but it overflows with the most withering defamations, such as were prevalent at that distempered season, when the popular writers accumulated horrors on the memories of their late sovereigns, to metamorphose their monarchs into monsters. In this terrible state-libel, all kings are anathematised: James the First was the murderer of his son; Charles the First was a parricide. Of that 'resolute tyrant Charles,' we have an allusion to 'his actions of the day; his actions of the night;—from which we must infer that they were equally criminal. The reader, already acquainted with the intimate intercourse of our author with Charles the First, and with all his permanent emotions, which probably induced his mental disorder, must start at the disparity of the writing with the writer. A thorough-paced partisan has here acted on the base principle of reviling the individual, whom he privately acknowledged to be wholly of an opposite character. It would be a

solecism in human nature, had Harrington sent forth an historical calumny, which only to have read must have inflicted a deep pang in his heart. He was a philosopher, who neither flattered nor vilified the prince nor the people; their common calamities he ascribes to inevitable causes, which had been long working those changes independent of either. In the reigns of James and Charles, according to his favourite principle, 'The English Balance,' in favour of 'popularity,' was 'running like a bowl down hill.' He does justice to the sagacity of the indolent James, who, he tells us, 'not seldom prophesied sad things to his successors;' and of Charles the First, on succeeding to his father, Harrington has expressed himself with the utmost political wisdom and felicity of illustration. 'There remained nothing to the destruction of a monarchy, retaining but the name, more than a prince, who, by contending, should make the people to feel those advantages which they could not see. And this happened to the next king (Charles), who, too secure in that undoubted right, whereby he was advanced to the throne which had no foundation, dared to put this to an unseasonable trial, on whom, therefore, fell the tower in Silo. Nor may we think they on whom this tower fell were sinners above all men; but that we, unless we repent and look better to the true foundations, must likewise perish.' All that our philosopher had to deliver to the world on the many contested points of that unhappy reign, was the illustration of his principle, and not the infamy of vulgar calumny. With the philosophic Harrington, Charles the First was but 'a doomed man;' not more a sinner, because the tower of Silo had fallen upon his head, than those who stood without. This was true philosophy, the other was faction. The treatise on 'The Grounds and Reasons of Monarchy,' prominently placed at the opening of the works of Harrington, and inseparably combined with his opinions by the reference in the general index—this treatise which has settled like a gangrene on the fair character of the author of 'Oceana,' which has called down on his devoted head the execrations of honourable men, and which has misled many generations of readers, is the composition of a salaried party writer, in no way connected with our author. Toland, the first editor of Harrington's works, introduced into the volume this anonymous invective, which has thus come down to us sanctioned by the philosopher's name. There was no plea of any connexion between the two authors, and much less between their writings. The editor of the edition of 1771 has silently introduced the name of the real author in the table of contents, but without prefixing it to the tract, or without any further indication to inform the reader. Whether zeal for 'the cause' led Toland to this editorial delinquency, or whether he fell into this inadvertence from deficient acumen, it remains a literary calamity not easily paralleled, for a great author is condemned for what he never could have written."

This paper on Harrington will serve in proof of one of Mr. D'Israeli's merits, and, we venture to assert, one great cause of his popularity—his large and liberal construction of men's motives and conduct, and his generous sympathy with genius and virtue.

*Notes on the Religious, Moral, and Political State of India.* By Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sykes, F.R.S. Calder.

*On the Propagation of Alphabets, and other Phonetic Systems, throughout Eastern Asia.* By the Rev. Dr. Wall. Whittaker & Co.

WHEN writers unacquainted with each other's investigations arrive, by diverse trains of reasoning, at the same conclusion, and that too a conclusion opposed to the opinions generally entertained by the learned, it may be worth while to set before our readers a general outline of the theory they propound, and the evidence by which it is supported. The subject, indeed, is only interesting to oriental antiquarians, who in England are far from being numerous; we shall not therefore enter at any length into the claims of the Brahminical language, literature, and religion, but briefly set forth the grounds on which the Rev. Dr. Wall and Col. Sykes have con-

tested their claims to the remote origin which is usually assigned them.

Dr. Wall was led to investigate the subject by observing, when comparing the Hebrew text of the Old Testament with the Septuagint version, that most of the differences between them might be explained on the supposition that certain letters having vowel powers were inserted in the Hebrew text for the purpose of facilitating the reading. According to this view, the Hebrew letters were originally a syllabary, and were changed into a superior alphabet, by introducing, though imperfectly, the Greek system of vocalization. This led him to conclude that the influence of Greek improvements on the languages and literature of Asia was much greater than had been usually supposed, and in particular that the Sanscrit was an artificial language, framed in imitation of European models; and consequently that the claims of Brahminical literature and philosophy to independent invention and remote antiquity, are untenable.

Let us now turn to the very different course by which Col. Sykes has reached the same conclusion. His investigations are based on the Travels of a Chinese Buddhist priest, named Fa-hian, who appears to have visited India A.D. 399. If any reliance can be placed on his authority, Buddhism was at the time the established religion throughout India, and Brahminism was either unknown or confined to a remote and limited district. It follows, as a consequence, that the Sacred Books and Poems which assert the universal prevalence of Brahminism, belong to a period later than the fifth century of the Christian era. It appears also from this priest's narrative, that the Pali was the prevalent idiom in India, which is confirmed by the fact that all the ancient inscriptions relating to Buddhism, discovered between the Himalaya and Cape Comorin, are in the Pali idiom. As Fa-hian makes no mention of a second sacred language, Col. Sykes is disposed to believe that Sanscrit, at least as we now possess it, did not exist at the period; and judiciously adds, that as the word *Pali* signifies "original," and *Sanscrit* "perfected," or "polished," the latter may have been an artificial language, constructed on the rude material of the former. This, as we have seen, is Dr. Wall's hypothesis, excepting that Dr. Wall points out intercourse with Europeans as the source from which the Brahmins derived their hints for polishing their language.

But though Brahminism did not exist in its present form, yet undoubtedly persons called Brahmins were to be found in India; they are mentioned both by Alexander's historians and by Fa-hian. Col. Sykes however assigns strong reasons for believing that they were at this period seculars or laymen, and even constituent parts of a Buddhistic community. He adduces evidence to prove that so late as the seventh century of the Christian era, the Brahmins were regarded as foreigners in Southern and Eastern India, and he inclines to believe that their original seat of power was in the Punjab. This would bring the Brahmins into close contact with the Bactrian Greeks, and afford some support to Dr. Wall's theory, that the Sanscrit language and literature were in some degree derived from Grecian sources.

The positive testimony of Chinese travellers, the absence of early inscriptions in the Sanscrit idiom, and the exclusion of history from the circle of Sanscrit literature, are strong objections to the antiquity claimed for Brahminical institutions. We need not enter into any examination of the evidences of fraud, or at least interpolation, in the Vedas, Puranas, and other Hindoo works. So late as the latter end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth cen-

tury, a Brahmin published a translation of Euclid's Elements, as "an original revelation made by Brahma to Visvakarm, which he had revived after it had remained unknown for ages!"

We have now set before our readers the views of Indian antiquities set forth by a scholar who has studied the evidences from books alone, and by a no less zealous inquirer after truth who has lived in India, and made nature a comment on written descriptions. Both agree that the Sanscrit language is of recent and artificial formation, that the Brahminical literature has been much antedated, and that the grounds on which extravagant claims have been made for the antiquity of Indian philosophy are, to a great extent, palpable forgeries. Though we offer no opinion on the validity of the proofs adduced, we may venture to conclude, in the words of Col. Sykes, "If Brahminism is neither unfathomable in its antiquity nor unchangeable in its character, we may safely infer that, by proper means, applied in a cautious, kindly, and forbearing spirit, such further changes may be effected as will raise the intellectual standard of the Hindoos, improve their moral and social condition, and assist to promote their eternal welfare."

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, collected by Himself.* Vols. IX. & X. Longman & Co.

THE nearer he comes to the close of his labours, the more laconic and sibylline is Mr. Moore in the revelations of his prefaces. The ninth volume is full of satirical and humorous poems, to many of which a few words, by way of key or introduction, would have been most acceptable, yet thirteen scanty pages comprise all he is pleased to say; and this mainly consists of an apology for the indulgence of his satirical humour, by which it is attempted to be shown that bitter verses do not originate in bitter feeling, that stings are inflicted in perfect good humour, and that the fiercest attacks are to be considered and admired as mere practice in sport—matters of fence.

"That I was disposed, at first, to annex some such commentary to this series of squibs, may have been collected from the concluding sentences of my last Preface; but a little further consideration has led me to abandon this intention. To that kind of satire which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shapes they may present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this Volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality; but I feel quite certain that, *without* it, not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could embalm them would insure to these trifles a life much beyond the present hour. Already, to many of them, that sort of relish—by far the least worthy source of their success—which the names of living victims lend to such sallies, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But, as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried—and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years—their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar felicity of aim, in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects—the unchangeable nature of that spirit of Monopoly by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked. To refer but to one instance, the Corn Question, assuredly, the entire appositeness, at this very moment, of such verses as the following, redounds far less to the credit of poetry than to the disgrace of legislation:—

How can you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
The Peers of the realm about cheapening their corn,  
When you know if one hasn't a very high rental,  
'Tis hardly worth while to be very high-born.

That, being by nature so little prone to spleen or bitterness, I should yet have frequented so much the thorny paths of satire, has always, to myself and those best acquainted with me, been a matter of some surprise. By supposing the imagination, however, to be, in such cases, the sole or chief prompter of the satire—which, in my own instance, I must say, it has generally been—an easy solution is found for the difficulty. The same readiness of fancy which, with but little help from reality, can deck out 'the Cynthia of the minute' with all possible attractions, will likewise be able, when in the vein, to shower ridicule on a political adversary, without allowing a single feeling of real bitterness to mix itself with the operation. Even that sternest of all satirists, Dante, who, not content with the penal fire of the pen, kept an Inferno ever ready to receive the victims of his wrath,—even Dante, on becoming acquainted with some of the persons whom he had thus doomed, not only revoked their awful sentence, but even honoured them with warm praise; and probably, on a little further acquaintance, would have admitted them into his Paradiso. When thus loosely and shallowly even the sublime satire of Dante could strike its roots in his own heart and memory, it is easy to conceive how light and passing may be the feeling of hostility with which a partisan in the field of satire plies his laughing warfare; and how often it may happen that even the pride of hitting his mark hardly outlives the flight of the shaft."

This is somewhat in the vein of Coleridge's apology for 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.' It was not with such coquettings that his friend Sydney Smith, "rare Sydney," in the preface to his collected works, accepted and proclaimed the full responsibility of what he had written. We regret this, because it does not do justice to Mr. Moore himself, and to the straight-forward earnestness and political integrity of his life,—an example to men of all parties, and much wanted. As, however, we cannot have the pleasant comment, we must be content with the simple text, which, after all, will be new to many of our readers. Here are some verses suggested by the result of the Clare election in 1828, when the Right Hon. W. Vesey Fitzgerald, the present Lord Fitzgerald, was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned:—

*Stanzas from the Banks of the Shannon.*

"Take back the virgin page."—*Moore's Irish Melodies.*  
No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy  
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,  
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,  
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.\*  
For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee:—  
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;  
By St. Patrick, we've scrawld' up a lesson upon thee  
As never was scrawld' upon foolscap before.  
Come—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,  
(Or O'Connell has green eyes he haply would lend you.)  
Read V—sey all o'er (as you can't read a book)  
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send you;  
A lesson, in large Roman characters trac'd,  
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin  
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effac'd—  
Unless, 'stead of paper, you're mere *asses' skin*.  
Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,  
Could I risk a translation, you should have a rare one;  
But pen against sabre is desperate odds,  
And you, my Lord Duke (as you kind'd once), wear one.  
Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er:—  
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of papyrus  
That Egypt o'erbid'd with nonsensical lore,  
Or the learned Champollion o'er wrote of, to tire us.  
All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,  
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,  
Whose plain, simple drift if they wou'd understand,  
Though carers'd at St. James's, they're fit for St. Luke's.  
Talk of leaves of the Sibyls!—more meaning convey'd is  
In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,  
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old legends,  
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n.

The following was, as Mr. Moore states, wrung from him by the Irish Coercion Bill of the Whigs:

*Paddy's Metamorphosis.*

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,  
That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,  
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,  
As good raw material for settlers abroad.  
Some West-India island, whose name I forget,  
Was the region then chosen for this scheme so romantic;

\* Some expressions to this purport, in a published letter of one of these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.

And such the success the first colony met,  
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.  
Behold them now safe at the long-look'd-for shore,  
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,  
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,  
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.  
And, hark! from the shore a glad welcome there came—  
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?"  
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name  
Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!  
Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,  
Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady;  
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,  
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"  
Deceiv'd by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,  
Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,  
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,  
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

Tis thus,—but alas! by a marvel more true  
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—  
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,  
By a *lusus nature*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,  
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,  
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,  
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

Another of these pleasant speculations offers itself opportunely:—

*Anticipated Meeting of the British Association in the year 2836.*

After some observations from Dr. M'Grig  
On that fossil reliquium call'd Petrified Wig,  
Or *Perruquolitus*—a specimen rare  
Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear,  
Which, it seems, stood the flood without turning a hair—  
Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested attention  
To facts no less wondrous which he had to mention.

Some large fossil creatures had lately been found,  
Of a species no longer now seen above ground,  
But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly appears)  
With those animals, lost now for hundreds of years,  
Which our ancestors us'd to call "Bishops" and "Peers,"  
But which Tomkins more erudite names has bestow'd on,  
Having call'd the Peer fossil the *Aristocratodon*,  
And, finding much food under t'other one's thorax,  
Has christen'd that creature the *Episcopus Vorax*.

Lest the *sarantes* and dandies should think this all false,  
Mr. Tomkins most kindly produc'd on the table  
A sample of each of these species of creatures,  
Both tolerably human, in structure and features,  
Except that the *Episcopus* seems, Lord deliver us!  
To've been carnivorous as well as granivorous;  
And Tomkins, on searching its stomach, found there  
Large lumps, such as no modern stomach could bear,  
Of a substance call'd *Tithe*, upon which, as 'tis said,  
The whole Genus *Clericium* formerly fed;  
And which having lately himself decompounded,  
Just to see what 'twas made of, he actually found it  
Compos'd of all possible cookable things

That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings—  
All products of earth, both graminaceous, herbaceous,  
Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,  
All clabbing their quotas, to glut the *cranium*;  
Of this ever greedy and grasping *Tithophagus*,  
"Admire," exclaim'd Tomkins, "the kind dispensation  
By Providence shad on this much-favour'd nation,  
In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,  
That might else have occasion'd a general dearth—  
And thus burying 'em deep as e'en Joe Hume would sink 'em,  
With the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Paleocorynchum*,  
And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground—  
Not forgetting that fossilised youth, so renowned,  
Who lived just to witness the Deluge—was gratified  
Much by the sight, and has since been found stratified."

This picturesque touch—quite in Tomkins's way—  
Could't forth from the *sarantes* a general hurrah;  
While inquiries among them went rapidly round,  
As to where this young stratified man could be found.  
The "learn'd Theban" discourse next as lively flow'd on,  
To sketch t'other wonder, the *Aristocratodon*—  
An animal, differing from most human creatures  
Not so much in speech, inward structure, or features,  
As in having a certain excrescence, T. said,  
Which in form of a coronet grew from his head,  
And devolv'd to its heirs, when the creature was dead;  
Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was transmitted,  
How unit were the *heads*, so the coronet fitted.

He then mention'd a strange zoological fact,  
Whose announcement appear'd much applause to attract.  
In France, said the learned professor, this race  
Had so noxious become, in some centuries' space,  
From their numbers and strength, that the land was o'errun  
With 'em.

Every one's question being, "What's to be done with 'em?"  
When, lo! certain knowing ones—*sarantes*, mayhap,  
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood trap,  
Silly hinted that nought upon earth was so good  
For *Aristocratodons*, when rampant and rude,  
As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food.  
This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords  
Of the effect that short commons will have upon lords;  
For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn,  
Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn,  
And the moment these gawgaws fell off, they became  
Quite a new sort of creature—so harmless and tame,  
That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em  
To be near akin to the *genus humanum*,  
And the experiment, tried so successfully then,  
Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again.



One other, and we must conclude; and how better than with the—

*Song of Old Puck.*

"And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterous—  
Puck Junior, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Who wants old Puck? for here am I,  
A mongrel imp, 'twixt earth and sky,  
Ready alike to crawl or fly;  
Now in the mud, now in the air,  
And, so 'tis for mischief, reckless where.

As to my knowledge, there's no end to't,  
For where I haven't it, I pretend to't;  
And, 'stead of taking a learn'd degree  
At some dull university,  
Puck found it handier to commence  
With a certain share of impudence,  
Which passes one off as learn'd and clever,  
Beyond all other degrees whatever;  
And enables a man of lively scone  
To be Master of all the Arts at once.

No matter what the science may be—  
Ethics, Physics, Theology,  
Mathematics, Hydrostatics,  
Aerostatics or Pneumatics—  
Whatever it be, I take my luck,  
'Tis all the same to ancient Puck;  
Whose head's so full of all sorts of wares,  
That a brother imp, old Smugger, swears  
If I had but of *law* a little smattering,  
I'd then be perfect—which is flattering.

My skill as a linguist all must know  
Who met me abroad some months ago;  
(And heard me *abroad* exceedingly, too,  
In the moods and tenors of *parlez vous*)  
When, as old Chamberlain's shade stood mute,  
I spoke such French to the Institute  
As puzzled those learned Thebans much,  
To know if 'twas Sanscrit or High Dutch,  
And might have pass'd with their unobserving  
As one of the unknown tongues of Irving.  
As to my talent for ubiquity,  
There's nothing like it in all antiquity.

Like *Mungo* (my peculiar care),  
"I'm here, I'm there, I'm every where."  
If any one's wanted to take the chair,  
Upon any subject, any where,  
Just look around, and—Puck is there!  
When slaughter's at hand, your bird of prey  
Is never known to be out of the way;  
And wherever mischief's to be got,  
There's Puck *instantly*, on the spot.

Only find me in *negus* and applause,  
And I'm your man for any cause;  
If *wrong* the cause, the more my delight;  
But I don't object to it, *ev'n* when *right*.  
If I only can vex some old friend by't;  
There's D—r—m, for instance;—to worry him  
Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck  
Can't do better than join with Puck.  
They'll find him *bon diable*—spite of his phiz—  
And, in fact, his great ambition is,  
While playing old Puck in first-rate style,  
To be thought Robin Good-fellow all the while.

The tenth and concluding volume appears to be a mere reprint of the Epicurean and Alciphron, from the last edition.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME LAFFARGE, WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from p. 622.)

[As the sheets received this week contain some particulars of the *dénouement* of the story, the death of M. Laffarge, and the consequent imprisonment of the writer, we shall proceed with our selections and translations.]

My mother-in-law having been informed by her son of our conversation, came with a dignified and dolorous air to bring me the keys of the home department, "which she had presided over for forty years with order, prudence, and economy." I would not take the reins of government, finding them in more skilful hands. M. Laffarge, however, insisted on it; but I obtained the promise of a second set of keys, in order that my mother-in-law might have free access to everything, without being obliged to have recourse to me or my servant. From that moment I forbade my thoughts to recur to the past, and determined to devote myself with better hope to the future. At times, indeed, my heart swelled with a vague undefined grief; at times I shed, without immediate cause, tears, whose bitterness scalded my cheeks; but this grief, these tears, I concealed, remembering that I *ought* to be—that I *would* be happy. During the day I was occupied, active, often gay: I was determined to spread happiness around me; but when night came, I was seized with an involuntary sadness and an invincible fear: I became more than ill-tempered, and remained at my piano till three or four in the morning. I was really tempted to call the extreme of courage, what the world calls weakness, and felt quite astonished in thinking of the boldness

which makes a Marion Delorme and a Manon Lescaut.

We had our wedding visits to pay, and being invited to a ball, it was decided that we should pass eight days at Uzerche. During our short stay at Vigézie, I was introduced to one of our neighbours, the Count of Tournonnet, an old marine officer, of amiable manners, chivalrous character and mind, and from his mild opinions a very peaceable lord of a château. His conversation pleased me, and I was delighted to find him married to a young and pretty woman, who might become a valuable acquisition in my solitude, and a friend for my thoughts. I was received at Uzerche by an uncle of M. Laffarge, Capt. Materie, a worthy old soldier, who gave me a most affectionate welcome. I found in him but two faults, a wife *passée d'éteinte*, like those old miniatures of our grandmothers, who screw up their mouths to grin an eternal smile at their descendants, and a daughter laboriously occupied in dressing out a very vain face, which was ugly enough to be good, and not good enough to be ugly. Among the other members of his family, I remarked M. Brugère, whom I had been told to fear and detest, and whose spiteful wit amused, without alarming me, and Mlle. Emma Pontier, a noble-hearted young creature, both mild and affectionate, living in the midst of her family, isolated by her tastes and ideas, who was in want of a friend, and who had the misfortune to love me, by comprehending the sympathy which drew me towards her. The day after my arrival I paid thirty visits, that is to say, I walked from door to door, in order to satisfy an eager curiosity, and give a new subject for the slander and calumniating gossipers of the little town of Uzerche. I was stupified with all I was obliged to see and hear: the mistresses of each house received us in the kitchen with their hair in disorder, caps bedizened with flowers and ribbons, dresses covered with grease spots, rumpled collars, blue stockings, old slippers, and an incredible luxury of dirty hands. On these visits we entered, bowed, sat down, and the conversation began. First they spoke of the regret I must have felt in quitting Paris,—of the sameness of the country,—of the *ennui* which awaited me in so lonely a spot as Glandier; then they congratulated M. Laffarge on my *fortune*;—they questioned me about my *piano-forte*, about my *maid*, who seemed very elegant, and to whom I must give, they supposed, at least ninety francs a-year. Astonishment rendered me stupid during the first few visits, *ennui* made me still more so during the latter. To relieve me, M. Pontier proposed an excursion to *La Gruerie*, a property belonging to M. Deplans, a rich iron-founder. I found a beautiful mansion in the midst of a fine forest. Madame Deplans received me with the greatest kindness: she joined to the dignity of an elderly woman a benevolent and cordial kindness. Her daughter-in-law was *spirituelle* and amiable, with two lovely children. This return into civilized society did me good; but, as a set-off, we had the most terrible weather. The rain, driven by the wind through the head of the britschka, ran down our faces and our clothes, and on arriving at Uzerche, we were drenched. As there was a family dinner, it was necessary to put the best face on our misfortune; however, towards ten o'clock, I was so unwell that I begged permission to retire. Madame Pontier followed me; and, finding me feverish, made me swallow plenty of *tisane*, ordered Clementine to remain with me, that I might not be disturbed, and forbade the entrance of her nephew. I had been above an hour asleep, when I was awake by a violent knocking at the door. I demanded, with the impatience of a sick person, what was wanted. "Open," exclaimed M. Laffarge. A kick at the door, followed by the grossest language, made me shudder. \* \* Strong in my indignation, I leaped from my bed, opened the door, and, folding my hands on my bosom, stood before him in silent anger. M. Laffarge, with haggard eyes, face pale and contracted, seized hold of me, calling me by the most odious epithets; but, exhausted by his passion, he threw himself on the bed, and I retired to the ante-room, overwhelmed with shame and despair. In a few moments we heard groans and cries of anguish from the next room; and when Clementine, dreadfully alarmed, went in, she found M. Laffarge writhing on the bed, incapable of uttering a word. In an instant

every one was stirring, and M. Pontier and his family rushed into the room. My aunts, alarmed at my wild appearance, led me away, to endeavour to calm my despair; and M. Pontier soon after came to say, that his nephew had a violent fit of convulsions, which he attributed to the cold of the morning, and excitement from having drunk too freely of champagne. I told him that I had not strength to go through such another scene; and endeavoured to impress on him that I was deeply grieved, and thus make M. Laffarge understand that a few repentant words were not sufficient to make me forgive anger as unjust as brutal. Fatigued with emotion, towards morning I slept, and, on awaking, a letter was brought me from my aunt Garat; it seemed to arrive providentially, to efface from my memory my terrors and suffering. I was, therefore, disposed for indulgence, when M. Pontier came to ask permission to bring me his *guilty nephew*, whom he had been lecturing for three hours. M. Laffarge threw himself at my feet, weeping. I held out my hand; he embraced it with transport; and, forbidding him to speak, I promised never to make allusion to the scene of that sad night, at the recollection of which he appeared with reason so unhappy and humiliated. M. Laffarge, however, was wonderfully well; but I was still suffering. As he feared *cancans* and slanderous gossip if I did not go to the ball in the evening, I promised to attend. Fortunately, Madame Materie, raised by her dignity and elegance to be the *Lionne*, would not appear till an hour after others, so that I was enabled to prepare at leisure and enjoy the complete *coup-d'œil* of a *Limousin rout*.

What a singular little is a ball in a little provincial town, which has not the honour of being a *préfecture*, and does not even possess a *sous préfet*! The ball was offered to the *Uzerchoise beauties*, by the young collegians who had received their laurels in the morning. The five-franc piece, drawn from a grandmother's tenderness or a father's pride, was sacrificed in preparations for the fête. The gallant lads had perhaps collected sixty francs; that was a great sum; and they had been able to add two *quinquets* to the six large candles, and a flute to the squeaking of a violin. The room was borrowed from an *estaminet*, and was large enough. Narrow benches were placed all round, on which the young ladies sat under the shadow of mamma's bonnet; in the middle stood a compact mass of dark men in white pantaloons, scarcely leaving room for the young master of the ceremonies to pass, whose duty it was to receive the new-comers, smile at the ladies, and snuff the candles. The very young ladies, in pure white calico dresses, had very red arms under their Scotch thread gloves, and cheeks fresher than the crimson bows stuck in their hair. They were busily engaged in keeping an account of their invitations to dance. The marriageable, distinguished by a formidable flounce at the bottom of their dress, and a rose over their ear, were whispering together, and casting coquettish glances at the past and future dancer. The young married women, lost under the gauze, satin, ribbons, flowers, and jewels of their *corbeille de nocés*, spoke aloud, and laughed still louder to attract admirers. Lastly, the respectable mothers of families valued dresses and virtues, calculated the fortunes of the dancers, informed their neighbours of the result, and speculated in hope on the marriageable partners of their daughters. Thanks to the merit of novelty, I was pursued by the jealousy of the women and the homage of the men, and I put to the torture the imagination of the *graves tapisseries*. They could not value or understand my simple dress of India muslin, trimmed with hops, and found *inconvenante* and *blâmable* my head ornament, composed of bunches of these same hops, my only *parure*. The good nature of our young heroes, so happy with their ball, and so proud to show their gallantry, made me forget the scene of the past night, and the extreme novelty which surrounded me gave me a few moments' gaiety, which astonished others, quite puzzled at my finding pleasure in the country.

[The following extract gives an account of M. Laffarge's visit to Paris.]

After his first reception, M. Laffarge found his acquaintances fall back to their usual habits and pleasures, and himself isolated and discouraged.

M. Laffarge would have conspired against the golden age in order to establish an iron one. After having in vain preached patience, I advised him to

reach the hearts of the deputies and his friends through their stomachs, and to put their good faith to the test of some excellent Perigord truffles; and, at his entreaties, I wrote to all persons of my acquaintance who might be useful to him, and he told me what to say and to ask. I was at times unable to understand M. Laffarge's conduct, and was wretched at his manner of treating for a loan, with his petty ideas and miserable resources. It was necessary for me to close my eyes and pray, when the inferiority of the man who was my lord and guide, presented itself to my imagination. My mind seemed *froissé*: it plunged with despair into the immensity of the misfortune so completely irreparable. I endeavoured to stop such thoughts by repeating aloud—"This man is good; all in him is serious and useful for active life; he is your husband, you love him. It is with the world, with society, with the reality of life that you should be angry, at this first anguish which marks the change from your lovely existence of dreams and illusions, to your actual one of deceptions and duties." If I dive into my conscience, I can bear witness that I always endeavoured to stifle these thoughts under a like enthusiasm of fidelity and duty.

Mad. Laffarge lived in her own room; she had added M. Denis to the furniture, and he never quitted it. I was quite alone, and happy to enliven my solitude by the presence of my sweet cousin Emma Pontier. This amiable creature, just fresh from the sanctity of her convent, came to seek in my friendship a refuge for the dreams of her imagination. Like me, she had made up her mind to a sad future, but her heart suffered from the vague immensity which it had embraced, whilst mine struggled against the chain which fastened it to the earth.

My mother-in-law, become exceedingly jealous of Emma's affection for me, tried every means to efface it; she related to her the sad scenes after my arrival, and the letter of the 15th of August, pretended that I had actually been in love with the young man mentioned, that I had seen him at Pompador, then at Glandier; in fact, made up such a tissue of absurdities and vile calumnies, that I soon saw a change in the affection of my young cousin. I was obliged to open my heart in all confidence to her, with respect to my sufferings, and she only learnt to love me more. My uncle Pontier came frequently to see me, and seemed happy at the friendship I professed for his daughter. But his affairs becoming embarrassed, he suddenly left for Algiers. I wept bitterly at the departure of the only friend I possessed in my new family, and promised to be a protector to his children.

M. Laffarge's letters were most discouraging; his attempt to obtain a patent went on but slowly, though promising certain success; but the loan went on slower. Bankers had become mistrustful, from the frequent failures of speculations. As it was difficult to obtain certain information respecting the value of Glandier, upon which he hoped to raise in mortgage the sums he required, he received nothing but refusals. I sent him an unlimited power to endeavour to sell Villers-Hellon, or to borrow upon my dower. I preached courage and patience, and endeavoured to fill my letters with kind and affectionate words to console him under his disappointments. Before his departure he had ardently desired to have my portrait, but there was not time, for he could not find the artist who had been recommended to him. Wishing to procure the poor absence this pleasure, and calm the discouragement and impatience which gained upon him every day, I sought out, and by perseverance discovered, this Limousin artist.

New-year's Day approached, and I did not expect M. Laffarge for three weeks. I was wretched, for everything around me went on worse and worse. Denis absented himself more frequently; he passed his nights in mysterious journeys; our workmen were threatening to leave us, and engage with a rival ironfounder, our neighbour. Not only did M. Buffière neglect to assist us, but, notwithstanding the express prohibition of M. Laffarge, he tried the new method of fabrication, which met with complete success. These facts I could not help writing to my husband, and the 25,000 francs, which my lawyer had been able to borrow, hastened his return. I received a letter, in which he promised to be with me on the 3rd of January. Although he had obtained the patent, M. Laffarge seemed to be sad; he spoke

of the happiness, without speaking of the joys of return. In one part he said, "I shall arrive very early in the morning; I must see you first, and alone, without even my mother; make arrangements accordingly." This phrase seen by Madame Laffarge, who had opened the letter during my absence, made her extremely angry; she declared that I wished to rob her of her son's affection. In his last letter M. Laffarge stated that, not having received the money from M. Legris, upon which his return depended, he feared that he might not be with me so soon as he desired.

I was therefore greatly surprised on being awoke by him early on the morning of the 3rd. I was shocked at the change in his appearance; Clementine, who slept in my room, asked him if he were ill; he replied, that his stomach was sore, that during the last days of his sojourn in Paris, he had not taken off his clothes, day or night; that he had been suffering the whole journey, that he had taken some soup at Limoges, which had caused violent vomiting. I wished him to take some tea, which he declined. After expressing my joy at his return, I asked after the health of my family and friends. He answered, that he had brought his patent, that he had opened a loan with the house of Martin, Didier, & Delamarre; that he had a mass of remembrances for me, &c. But I observed that he was sad and pre-occupied; I remarked it, and told him, laughingly, that he had left his heart at Paris. Instead of answering, he asked rather abruptly, *who* had sent letters to Uzerche, addressed to Count Ch—? "I do not know."—"If you have written to him," said he, "I entreat you not to conceal it from me."—"Had I wished to keep a second affection and a blameable correspondence, should I have confided my secret to you, or have even told you the name of him I ought and wished to forget in becoming your wife?"—"You are right, but I have been assured that it was so."—"Then it is an infamous calumny."—"But you own that M. de T— addressed you in my absence."—"Some verses and a few compliments, that is all."—"But you wrote to him."—"Yes, you know that I wish to bring about a marriage between a cousin of mine and a friend of his. I wrote to him on that subject only."—"But in Limousin the women do not write."—"I am not a *Limousine*."—Our conversation, for two hours, ran upon these mistrusts, reports, and suspicions. I was perfectly aware of the letters which had been written against me during his two months' absence, and the torments and trials which awaited me in future. Notwithstanding, there was still much love for me remaining; a word, or a look, upset the scaffolding of calumny raised against me. During our conversation, my mother-in-law knocked several times at the door, but we did not answer. I learnt afterwards, that Madame Laffarge was furious against her son, for whom she had been watching all the night, and who had crossed the river and entered by the back way, in order to see me first. My self-love triumphed in this proof of his affection, and it was not till mid-day that I reminded him that he ought to visit his mother. He returned soon after, complaining of fatigue, and expressing a wish to go to bed. He begged me to let him have my room, in order that I might watch by him and play to him. No sooner was he installed there, than he began to vomit: his uncle, M. Flegniat, who had some knowledge of medicine, attributed his sickness to the journey, and ordered some orangeade. I made a cup, and he felt better. I passed the whole day by his bedside; he showed us his famous patent, and received our congratulations. He would not allow me to quit him; overwhelmed me with tender and affectionate words; said that he owed his success to me—that I had inspired him—and that all his iron should be stamped Marie. I had caused to be engraved at Paris a seal in malachite, with forge-hammers and a device of my invention. They were to be our arms of *noblesse industrielle*. This attention delighted him: he showed it to his mother and uncle. Madame Laffarge looked sulky and annoyed at her son's attentions to me. When alone, M. Laffarge questioned me upon what had passed during his absence. I told him all my griefs, all my torments: the careless neglect of his brother-in-law—the impertinence and carelessness of Denis—the discontent of the workmen—and the want of coal, which had put a stop to the workings at the forge. He appeared

displeased, and painfully thoughtful. As he did not wish me to leave him, he begged his mother to send up my dinner. They brought me the wing of a fowl truffé. My husband took a fancy to a small truffe at the end of my fork; unfortunately, this slight impudence caused a return of his vomiting. The night passed pretty well; the next day our patient only suffered from extreme weakness. M. Denis came two or three times to speak to him, but he sent him away, begging us to let him rest, and not talk upon business. At luncheon he came into the drawing-room, where I was with Mdlle. Brun. Some *meringues* were served; he would taste some of the frothy cream. Meanwhile M. Buffière arrived, and they had a long conference together alone. This interview seemed to have dreadfully fatigued M. Laffarge. At five o'clock the vomitings returned more violent and frequent. I wished to send for the physician of Brives, my mother-in-law overruled me, and chose M. Bardon, whom I knew to be a very good friend, but a very bad doctor. However, I began to be very uneasy, and though M. Buffière reassured me in saying he knew his brother-in-law's habits, and that he exaggerated slight indispositions, Mad. Laffarge hinted suspicions which froze my blood. She feared that her son had been poisoned by some enemy at Paris. She related the death of her husband, who had been poisoned at dinner by a rival. M. Bardon arrived at two o'clock in the morning; I told him my uneasiness at the dreadful suspicions of Mad. Laffarge. He laughed heartily at such chimerical fears, and said there was not a symptom which could give countenance to such suspicions, that M. Laffarge's malady was quinsy and inflammation of the stomach, that his father's death had been quite natural, that he had attended him, that Mad. Laffarge's imagination could alone have suspected a crime. I made him explain what was to be done to combat that painful quinsy, that I might follow his orders exactly. We were to apply leeches, give no cold drinks, and to mix emollient syrups with his *tisanes*.

As we were thus passing the night in conversation, the rats, recommencing their diversions over our head, awoke M. Laffarge from his slight doze. M. Bardon asked me if I had not endeavoured to destroy these noisy guests. I told him that I had already made a mixture of ratsbane, flour, and water, but with little result. He advised me to add sugar and butter to the flour, and even offered to bring me flour of maize, and wrote an order that we might obtain arsenic at Uzerche. The grief at being confined to his bed when such important business claimed his attention, increased M. Laffarge's suffering.

He was impatient, pre-occupied, gloomy; he avoided with a kind of terror all *tête-à-têtes* with his brother-in-law, who constantly tormented him with business. He seemed only happy when I lulled him with affectionate words, dreams and projects for the future; he was a very bad patient, and I was the only one not sent into very Satanic company. I found out by different conversations with my husband, the jealous calumniating spirit of his mother towards me. Not only had they endeavoured to misconstrue all my actions, but had falsified them and cruelly tormented him. So that in finding me innocent, more confiding than formerly, more affectionate because he was suffering, happy to see him again, M. Laffarge was delighted. I own I ungenerously triumphed in the preference he gave me, I enjoyed the expressions of love which he lavished upon me before his mother. Fool that I was! I played away my life for a *bon-mot*. Strong in my innocence and in his love, I raised myself the hatred which was to dig my grave. At his second visit M. Bardon found the inflammation had increased; there was difficulty of swallowing; the palate was swollen, and a violent rushing of blood to the head. He applied leeches, slightly bled him, and blew a little alum into his throat. This last operation gave him great pain, followed by a sharp burning taste. M. Bardon having quitted the room, M. Laffarge told me he was certain they had given him vitriol by mistake, that he felt an inward fire. I endeavoured to calm him by a gargle of cold water: finding it useless, I became uneasy, and went to the doctor and told him my husband's fears. He assured me there could be no such mistake. • • A few hours' repose had scarcely renewed our confidence when a new crisis replunged us into discouragement. The vomitings were less frequent, but the nervous

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pains were more violent. Every morning M. Bardon reassured me and my mother-in-law; as for the rest of the family, they said that after any commercial excitement M. Laffarge was usually attacked thus, it was temperamental. It must be owned that if he did not get better the doctors ought not to be censured, for he did not follow their directions. M. Bardon recommended quiet, and the frequent use of soothing drinks: there was constant chattering around his bed, and he would only drink iced water. Tuesday night had been good, Wednesday better. I was more easy, and was listening to the breathing of M. Laffarge, whose head was on my shoulder, when he was suddenly awoke by Mad. Buffière rushing into the room like a mad woman. She kissed his hands, exclaimed, sobbing, "My Charles, you are going to die, what will become of me without you? Life will be nothing without you. Oh! my brother, your Aména will not survive you."—"Aména, calm yourself, I am better," said M. Laffarge.—"Ah!" continued she, "my poor Charles, to die so young, at the risk of killing my child I am come to receive your last sigh; you shall die in my arms!"—"My God, must I then die? and you concealed it from me and were not uneasy!" said the poor sufferer, looking at me pale and trembling, with an expression of grief and reproach.—"I swear to you there is no danger," I answered, quite stupefied and indignant at this scene.—"I do not understand your sister; such affection as that will, indeed, soon kill you."—"Aména, retire I beseech you."—"No, no," said she, "I will quit him no more." I could no longer restrain my indignation, and turning to M. Buffière, who stood a silent spectator of the scene, I insisted on his taking his wife away, which was rather a difficult task. The impression which this scene produced upon M. Laffarge was indelible; my words had no effect; he repeated incessantly, "Poor Marie, must I die? I loved you so much. What will become of you?" When M. Bardon arrived in the morning, he found renewed fever, and more alarming symptoms. I recounted the scene of the preceding evening, with perhaps not very moderate indignation. I begged him to allow me to have a consultation. My uncle Pontier had spoken highly of M. Ségéral. My mother-in-law would only have M. Masséna, one of the highest repute in the country. After many questions to M. Bardon, on the state of the patient, M. Masséna declared there was no danger. It was a nervous affection, undoubtedly painful, but of certain cure. I wished him to renew his visit the next day; he assured me that M. Bardon's presence was sufficient; that he would return when a change of régime was necessary. In the meantime he ordered an opiate, soothing drinks, and a little nourishment, light soups and *lais de poule*. I was so happy and contented after this learned visit, that I was easily reconciled to Mad. Buffière. I invited her to keep me company, and advised her mother to take some rest. She said that I wanted to be alone with her son, and upon his persuading her to go to bed, replied that we wished to drive her away; that she was looked upon as nothing in the house. In fact, made such a scene, that I was obliged to leave the room. I was so much fatigued, and so unwell, that I yielded to M. Laffarge's prayers to take care of myself.

The small quantity of arsenic which M. Bardon had written for, had not sufficed to exterminate our rats; their noise irritated my husband, and they had merited all my hatred, for they had devoured my dresses, my linen, in fact everything in my dressing closet. Determined to get rid of them, I asked M. Denis to bring a fresh dose of ratsbane, and some traps; he forgot the traps, although I had written down the two articles, but brought so large a quantity of arsenic that I showed it to M. Laffarge, in order that he might understand the means I was taking to destroy his enemies. He approved of them, but forbade my touching it on account of the exhalations. Clementine was charged with this duty. Finding myself fatigued towards morning, I went to bed. I was still sleeping, at 10 o'clock, when Madame Buffière awoke me to know if I would not take some *tisane*, which she offered me: finding it very insipid, I declined. She said she knew how to make *lait de poule* so delicately, that she was sure I should relish it. I had just swallowed it, when she returned from M. Laffarge's room, saying she hoped I had left a little, as her brother, *par sentiment*, wished to share

it. As it was a sick fancy, she made another. \* \* M. Magnaud returned from Jages, spoke privately to my husband, who, dreadfully tormented by what he heard, had an increase of fever. I complained to Madame Buffière of this continual infraction of the doctor's orders. She replied, that they could not always sacrifice themselves for Charles.—"If you do not wish him to be fatigued," said M. Magnaud, "sign me some bills which I have here."—"I willingly acceded, and was going to ask my husband's permission to sign in his name, which my sister-in-law and M. Magnaud prevented, saying that my signature was sufficient. I signed some bits of paper, and, wishing to be exact, I put the date.—"That is not valid," said M. Magnaud, "a woman's signature should not be dated;" and, tearing them, he made me sign others. These were for 6,000 fr. or 8,000 fr. Towards midnight I was seized with cramp in my stomach, and was obliged to lie down: Emma replaced me. I had told her how necessary it was that M. Laffarge should take his potion regularly, and she used my name to persuade him to take them. Madame Laffarge and Aména soon sent her away under pretence of taking care of me. At four in the morning, we retook our station beside the sick man, and I found that he had not once had his potion. I remarked this with vexation, and M. Laffarge made signs to me to prepare it. As it was impossible to make M. Laffarge take his cooling *tisanes*, I took care to put a little gum in the water or potion. This time, when I had done so, Madame Laffarge snatched the spoon from me, and told her son not to drink it, as I had put a white powder in it. In vain Emma observed to her aunt that it was gum arabic; she pretended not to understand; and as I left the room she said it was still worse of me to have given gum to her son, as M. Masséna had expressly forbidden it. \* \* Sunday morning I was surprised to find M. and Madame Denis installed alone at my husband's bed-side. I asked why they had not called me, and not placed persons who did not understand the treatment. I was answered that M. Laffarge had desired it, and would not suffer his good M. Denis to quit him. I approached the bed; he looked at me for some time, then took my hand to his lips, and I felt a tear fall with the kiss. Madame Buffière coming in, wished to send me away, pretending that I fatigued her brother. He opposed it, and asked for a drink: I was going to give it him, when Aména snatched the glass from my hand, and offered it herself. Deeply hurt, I walked away; he called me to him, saying:—"Let them alone, but do not abandon me."—"I had gone to my own room, when Clementine informed me that M. Flegniat was come. I immediately went to him, and was astonished at his serious manner. Taking him aside, I asked if he thought there was any danger. He owned that he did not feel the same confidence as M. Bardon—his nourishing diet appeared absurd—and that he was alarmed at the icy numbness of the extremities, the slowness of the pulse, and the unnatural symptoms.

"Pray," said I, "persuade my mother-in-law to send for other advice."—"Why," he replied, "she says it is you who oppose it."—"I!—for the last eight days I have vainly entreated her to send for M. Légal." He seemed quite astonished, and advised me to send immediately, and put no faith in M. Bardon. Then, perceiving how uneasy he had made me, said, that perhaps he exaggerated the danger, and told me to give him some beer instead of *tisane*, and warm water to assist the vomiting. I was obliged to combat the ill-will, the almost brutal opposition of Madame Laffarge and Madame Buffière, in order to administer this; they said that I wished to stifle M. Laffarge, fatigue him, and kill him, by fresh vomitings; but, in spite of them, I made him swallow several cups, which relieved him, till his mother gave him a large glass of beer, which brought back the burning sensation and cramp in his stomach. To finish my grief, I found they had stopped the man I had sent to Brives for M. Légal, and under some pretence Madame Laffarge had charged her faithful Denis to go only to Lubersac, for M. Lespinas, another doctor.

In the evening, M. Magnaud arrived, his presence seemed to dissipate my mother-in-law's uneasiness, which M. Flegniat had awakened; he told me he wished to speak to M. Laffarge alone; on my opposing it, for fear of fatiguing him, he said he was

the bearer of good news, more likely to cure him than injure him. On my return I found that the presence of M. Magnaud had produced an effect contrary to what he expected; never had grief and dejection so violently contracted the features of the poor patient. He turned his head away at my approach, and did not seem to notice the affectionate kiss I gave his hand. I felt a frightful despair: the scarcely concealed hatred of this family, the barrier their persons and their calumnies raised between me and my husband, those persecutions which wound without killing, became intolerable. Yet I was obliged to remain; Charles's sufferings, more than my duty, kept me at Glandier; and concealing my grief I endeavoured to forget their presence. About two in the morning, M. Lespinas came, escorted by M. Denis. He said he had been informed by Denis of M. Laffarge's state, and he approached the bed, asked a few questions, felt his pulse, gave him a potion which he had brought, then came to warm himself. I thanked him for thus braving the night and cold to relieve suffering and uneasiness, and begged him to tell me what he thought of my husband. He replied that he was attacked with *gastro-entérite*, a tedious and painful complaint, but that there was no actual danger. He then turned the conversation to trifling subjects, and I wondered what the family saw in him to prefer him to M. Légal. Madame Buffière called him their saviour, and, sobbing, told him how she loved her brother. Madame Laffarge uttered exclamations of despair, and mysterious sighs; and Mlle. Brun, Magnaud, and Denis talked with an affected and sinister reserve. I saw a dark look of intelligence between Madame Buffière and the doctor, and exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, tell me if there is any danger. I am so dreadfully uneasy, I must send for M. Légal."—"It is useless to have another doctor, since M. Lespinas says that it is a tedious chronic complaint," answered Aména; "but you are fatigued, go and repose yourself." Driven from my husband's bedside by these hypocritical cares for my health, seeing my rights, my duties, my cares usurped, I went away indignant, unhappy, not having even the consolation of a word or a look from my poor sick one, to protest against the chagrin they were causing me.

[We shall now proceed to the first medical and judicial inquiry after the death of M. Laffarge.]

The judge of Lubersac came to affix the seals. Emma, informing me of his arrival, begged me, in M. Flegniat's name, to burn any papers or letters which might compromise me. I gave my young cousin to understand that the counsel of her uncle was unworthy of my innocence; that having no occasion for remorse, I was without fear; and I only kept a packet of letters written by me to M. Laffarge, which she had brought in the morning, and among which I hoped to find sufficient evidence for my justification. Prejudiced against me by the calumnies of the Laffarge family, the officers on entering my chamber cast curious and reproving glances around, which fell like lead upon me. This first unmerited humiliation was anguish indeed. My cheeks reddened, tears filled my eyes; I was about to sink beneath my misfortune, when a look from Emma, full of faith and love, restored my courage. All my papers were read and commented on, my albums opened, my gum and almond paste collected with exaggerated precautions. M. Buffière's father, leaning against the mantel-piece, seemed to direct their search, awaken suspicion, and keep it alive by perfidious and accusatory allusions. I could scarcely restrain the indignation of Emma and Clementine, or teach them the contempt which preserves from either of these sentiments. These men had scarcely quitted my room, when my man-servant rushed in, with despair, exclaiming—"Madame, my poor mistress, they say that I shall make you mount the scaffold, and shall also mount it myself." Alarmed at this new incident, we had the greatest trouble in calming him and ourselves, and comprehending his stupid and imprudent conduct, which had really compromised me. Clementine had ordered him to mix ratsbane, and had given him arsenic, brought by Denis, for that purpose. Occupied at the moment, my servant had placed it in an old hat, and forgotten it; but being informed of the suspicions against me, and fearing to be accused if poison should be found in his hands, he had intrusted his fears to a stable-man,

and both had thought it more prudent to bury it in the garden. This prudence, however, did not prevent them chattering. Their secret confided to two or three, was told to Madame Buffière, who, in her turn, informed the magistrate, and the packet was disinterred. Alfred was closely interrogated, and threatened with the scaffold if he did not own that he had acted by my orders, and was told that his silence would be hurtful to himself without saving me;—the unhappy fellow, knowing me innocent, and attached to me, but the greatest coward imaginable, tore his hair, and wished to kill himself rather than be condemned to death. I was utterly overwhelmed with these accumulating circumstances against me, and endeavoured to calm the innocent though stupid cause of it. To Alfred succeeded the cook, coming to me equally exasperated, but without fear. She informed me that Mad. Laffarge accused her of poisoning the cakes sent to her son; that they pretended to distrust her, and would no longer take anything prepared by her. "It is atrocious," added she, "Denis and Buffière pillage the forge, and the mother and daughter ransack the house." Again I was obliged to preach patience and silence, and Mion went away crying, and saying that I was as good as gold, but that I allowed my foot to be so trod upon, it would soon be crushed. I learnt from Mion that the accusations against me had been received with so much indignation by the servants and workmen, that they no longer dared express them openly in the kitchen. On hearing this I felt myself less abandoned. Towards evening M. Buffière came hypocritically to inquire after my health, to tell me that he had been forced to absent himself on business, and that he was ignorant of the reasons for a *post mortem* examination having been decided on. I asked him if he was also ignorant of the accusations of his wife and mother-in-law? He at first positively asserted that they were incapable of the calumny I imputed to them; but when I gave M. Flegniat as my informer, he contented himself by saying they were mad, that grief had bewildered them, and assured me, with tears, of his affection. I soon found out the reason of his presence, and this comedy. The paper I had signed for M. Bogue, the day of M. Laffarge's death, was not valid. M. Buffière wished me to sign a second, and endeavoured to make me understand that this generosity would allay the denunciations of the family, in proving my disinterestedness. At this perfidious and odious insinuation I looked at him fixedly, and made him cast down his eyes and turn pale. "I understand you," said I, "and swear to sign no paper until truth shall have confounded calumny and calumniators."—"You are mistaken (said he) as to my intentions. If you refuse to sign, M. Bogue will be bankrupt; you will be ruined, and we dishonoured."—"My resolution is unalterable. M. Bogue must wait the certificate of the doctors. I will sign nothing before that." The next day all the members of the family arrived. M. Joseph Materie, and M. H. Brugère, would not quit me during the trial which was to decide between me and my enemies. Their hearts were in their words and looks. Though I should have preferred being alone in that hour of anguish, their presence was not painful to me. This day, an age of expectation and suffering, was my initiation into the bitterness of the future. My apartment was isolated; news did not reach us; Clementine, Emma, my two cousins, went in turns to obtain information. Not being able to conquer my unsensibility, I begged a moment's interview with M. Rivet, the *procureur du roi*. He came, touched with compassion. He was an elderly man, with a mild and venerable countenance; he gave me hopes of a favourable result of the examination, which, although already far advanced, had not discovered the least symptoms of poison.

One or two hours passed, each person coming with fresh hope: at last M. Flegniat rushed into the room. No arsenic had been found. I threw myself weeping into Emma's arms, and offered my acknowledged innocence to this sweet child, as an act of thanksgiving for her devotedness. M. Bardon himself came to confirm the good news. He told me that he had never shared the general suspicion; that the illness was natural; he had always been convinced of it, and the presumptuous confidence of M. Lespina had alone caused all this anxiety; that he fancied he could

see traces of poison invisible to his brethren, but his opinion had been forced to give way before theirs; that he was furious at not being infallible. I asked if all was finished, and was answered that there only remained the analysis of the drinks preserved. I was surrounded by friends congratulating me, when the officers of justice, Mad. Laffarge and Mad. Buffière, entered to make me sign the labelled bottles destined to be analyzed. The former looked compassionate, but my mother and sister-in-law seemed humiliated and consternated. As my hand trembled from emotion, the *greffier* said, "Compose yourself, Madame; the opinion of these gentlemen is, that arsenic, given in such strong doses, must have caused ravages visible to the eye; reassure yourself, there is nothing to fear." "It is not quite sure yet," said Mad. Buffière, with a voice which she wished to appear sobbing, "there are some white things in these liquids which are not natural." Mad. Laffarge went out and returned with a piece of flannel. "My son was rubbed with this flannel, I desire that it may be analyzed;" and as they were putting a paper round it, she added, "pray wrap it up carefully, the white powder I have observed upon it must not be suffered to evaporate." There was a general movement of astonishment. The *greffier* obeyed in silence. M. Bogue begged to speak to me. I received him alone;—he expressed how much he had shared my uneasiness, and the result of the measure which had justified me; and added, "My good lady, you are young, far from your family, very ignorant of business; I wish to warn you of the dangers which surround you; Mad. Buffière has induced you to sign a blank procuration, by which we can seize all your fortune; here it is, tear it up and sign instead this little document, which cannot compromise you." I was affected with this generous kindness, and expressed it. He asked if I had a lawyer, and finding that I knew no one in the country, nor had even thought on the subject, he promised to choose one and send him to me. I wanted to write to my sister and aunt an account of the calumnies and persecutions which I had undergone, and the irrefutable lie given to my accusers by the *post-mortem* examination. I profited by the first moment of repose. Mad. Laffarge being in the kitchen when Joseph received the order to go to Uzereche with the letters, came up to me, entered my room unannounced, and embracing me, said, "Come daughter, forgive me, grief had turned my brain. I accused you unjustly, and beg your forgiveness before Clementine and Emma, in the name of our poor deceased. Do not bear malice towards me." I could not answer. "I am sure you are going to trouble and distress your family with your unhappiness and our suspicions. Be reasonable, I promise that we will love you. We will take care of your interests as our own. . . . I entreat you do not make them uneasy."—"Oh! Madame, I have suffered so much that I must open my heart to those I love."—"How rancorous and susceptible you are!"—"Susceptible! Madame, you forget that you pointed me out to the world and the law, as an infamous creature, and a poisoner!" My mother-in-law began to cry, and begged me to be friendly, and forget her suspicions: she was my husband's mother, an old woman, unhappy, in mourning for her only son. I forced myself to overcome my resentment. "One question," said I; "did you inform Charles of your suspicions? Did you add the agony of the mind to that of the body? Did you call down upon my head the curse of the dying? If you can take from my soul that torturing thought, I will try with all my might to forget the past, and do my duty by you." My mother-in-law, embracing me, declared that she said nothing about it to her son; she obtained a promise that my letters should not be sent that evening, and that I would write others, in which I would conceal as much as possible my grief and indignation.

Madame Buffière, being recalled to Faye by business and her children, came to make her excuses and take leave, and ask me not to think it unkind that she took her mother to stay a short time with her. I was relieved by this temporary absence; I wanted time and solitude to forget; and to resume, not an affection henceforth impossible, but the strict observance of my duties. The news of Madame Laffarge's departure becoming known in the neighbourhood, the workmen and countrypeople were indignant at her quitting me. The *adjoint* and a good old country-

man of Beyssac came to reproach her and oppose her project:—"God will never bless you," (said they,) "if you thus abandon your son's wife. Your daughter has her husband, your daughter-in-law is without family, without hope, without children; you should console each other. Everybody will say you are in the wrong." Madame Laffarge seemed affected with these *naïve* and touching exhortations; she promised to return. As for me, I seized the hard hands of these men, and begged them to return to see me, to assist me with their advice and friendship. If I have not since seen these worthy men, I have kept a remembrance of them among those who have strengthened me in my painful trials.

[The exculpation pronounced by the doctors who first examined the body, did not, as is known, satisfy the relations of the deceased. Rumour and suspicion grew more clamorous, and the law authorities of the department at last resolved on a public trial, and as a necessary step thereto, on the imprisonment of Madame Laffarge. She recounts as follows the circumstances of the latter.]

The dull buildings of Glandier seemed to become every day more desolate. I was full of fears. There had been a criminal, an assassin there;—who was he?—I made Alfred and the pioneer, Joseph, sleep at my chamber door, and yet during the night I trembled at the least noise. The wind rushing through the passages alarmed me. Sometimes I even turned shuddering from the drinks which were to cool my lips. Oh! yes, I was afraid, greatly afraid; for if the author of the crime had not shrunk from choosing my head to replace his own on the scaffold, might not events call up a thought, an interest, which would oblige him himself to sacrifice the victim, which he had given to be sacrificed by the law? Denis's insolence was without bounds. One evening he entered my room completely intoxicated; and placing himself before my bed, leant upon the foot-board, and gave me a disgusting picture of my prison, of the brutality of the gaolers, of the degradation of the women whose labours, bed, and repasts I should share. Then, changing his subject, he advised me to decamp, to procure money, and trust to him; that he knew how to get beyond the frontiers. At last, when I raised my head with contempt, and ordered him to leave the room, he went away, muttering—"Lift up, lift up your head, princess; the executioner will soon bring it down." I was so alarmed at this scene, that I begged the gendarmes who guarded me to keep that man from my apartment, who might be dangerous in his drunkenness. M. de Tourdonnet was in Berry; every one I had known abandoned me in the hour of danger—all except Emma, who had become my guardian angel, and the young lawyer with whom I had passed two hours at Tulle. Oh! how I thanked him for believing in my innocence. M. Lachaud did not send me vulgar consolation, but he gave to the poor, humiliated, branded woman his devotion, his respect.—May he be blessed for it! It was one o'clock in the morning when the brigadier of gendarmerie informed me the hour of departure was arrived, and the horses waiting. I had asked and obtained that late hour to go on horseback to Vigeois, where my carriage awaited me. I was obliged to cross M. Laffarge's room in quitting my own. There was not there that calmness of death which puts consolation and a prayer in the heart, but a sad and sinister disorder. I went and knelt by his bed. "Charles," said I, mentally, "Charles, you see what I suffer; you know my innocence. From above watch over me, enlighten my judges, be the providence of her whom you loved." I rose stronger, and descended to the passage, whose sombre vaults, lighted with torches, echoed with the neighing of horses, the stamping of their feet, the clashing of the swords of the gendarmes. The servants, the pioneers, the poor farmers of our estate waited for me at the foot of the stairs, sobbing; some caught my hands, others kissed my dress; all said together,—"Poor lady! may God accompany and bring you back. We know it was not you who killed him; we will make *newvaines* for you. Poor woman!" These touching expressions of affectionate regret did me good and harm. I abandoned my hands to these worthy men, weeping; I embraced those kind women who were vowing candles to the Virgin, to obtain my return, and making the sign of the cross upon me. This scene exhausted me. The brigadier lifted me upon my horse. "Adieu, adieu, poor lady! may God bless you," was cried on all sides. "Adieu," I

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replied, in despair; "I am innocent—pray for me!"  
The rain fell freezing from a starless sky, the moon  
remained veiled under grey floating clouds, and the  
wind, which blew furiously, whirled round us the dead  
leaves of the chestnut trees.

After two hours' march, the peasant guide lost  
himself: the gendarmes did not know the route,  
which, always bad, was now a quagmire or a torrent,  
and I was obliged to become the guide myself to a  
road which perhaps was to lead me to death. This  
necessity of watching over the safety of others, the  
thoughts of danger, the motion, the excitement,  
calmed the anguish of my heart. The rain had  
penetrated through my clothes; the kind gendarme  
took off his own cloak to wrap me in, and put his  
gloves on my hands, frozen with the wet and cold.  
M. Fleyniat offered to accompany me to Brives; I  
accepted his offer with gratitude. The motion and  
fatigue of the night had been too much for me; they  
were obliged to stop half way, and allow me to take a  
few hours' rest; we therefore arrived late at Brives.  
My arrival was soon known. The crowd pressed round  
the carriage; cries, laughs, coarse insulting words  
met my ear. The prison door opened. At the noise  
of the bolts I drew back involuntarily; then, gather-  
ing up all my strength, with desperate courage, rushed  
across the threshold of my tomb.

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#### THE STARS OF NIGHT.

WHENCE are your glorious goings forth,  
Ye children of the sky,  
In whose bright silence seems the power  
Of all eternity?  
For time hath let his shadow fall  
O'er many an ancient light;  
But ye walk above in brightness still—  
O glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fanes  
Hath faded long ago;  
On Persian hills the worshipped flame  
Hath lost its ancient glow;  
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,  
With Salem's temple bright;  
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,  
O changeless stars of night!

Long have ye looked upon the earth,  
O'er vale and mountain brow;  
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,  
And gild their ruins now:  
Ye beam upon the cottage home—  
The conqueror's path of might—  
And shed your light alike on all,  
O priceless stars of night!

But where are they who learned from you  
The fates of coming time,  
Ere yet the pyramids arose  
Amid their desert clime?  
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,  
Ye bless the watcher's sight;  
And shine where bark hath never been,  
O lonely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,  
Of human hope and love;  
And fearful deeds of darkness too,—  
Ye witnesses above!

Say will that black'ning record live  
For ever in your sight,  
Watching for judgment on the earth—  
O sleepless stars of night!

Yet glorious was your song that rose  
With the fresh morning's dawn;  
And still amid our summer sky  
Its echo lingers on;  
Though ye have shone on many a grave,  
Since Eden's early blight:  
Ye tell of hope and glory still—  
O deathless stars of night!

F. B.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Frankfort, Sept. 2, 1841.

HALTING for a day or two, as I am, at this German  
inn (for surely such, and nothing more interesting to  
the sight-seer is Frankfort), I can but send you a  
note or two, of the things I have gathered, which are  
likely to suit the humour of your readers.

Sans further preamble, we touched Antwerp in  
the very midst of a Kirmesse: one day, unluckily,  
too late for a very splendid procession and demon-  
stration on the part of the Harmonic Societies of  
the different Belgian towns, which had all united  
to do honour to the occasion. These guilds of  
musicians are worth inquiring after, and I shall try  
to learn something of their extent and bearing, on my  
return: many slight indications (snatched flying, as  
it were), besides the notorious success of such artists  
as De Beriot, Viextemps, Batta, Servais, and a  
host besides, having led me to fancy Belgium singu-  
larly rich in the art to which the ancient contrap-  
untists long ago added so much glory.

But though we arrived at Antwerp the "day after  
the fair," as far as music was concerned, I there  
came on a demonstration in a sister art, which I  
can write about with somewhat greater certainty,  
than of the performances which just now figure so  
brightly in the Belgian broad sheets of the day. I  
allude to the new Stalls erecting in the magnificent  
cathedral. I have seen little like them in wood-  
carving elsewhere—certainly nothing modern—and  
while we looked at them, we could talk, without men-  
tioning either Gibbons, or Verbruggen, or Peter  
Vischer's saints and evangelists at Nuremberg, and  
yet without oak suffering any material disparagement  
from being measured against bronze, or a young  
man of these days from being paralleled with one  
of the worthies of old German art. Their general  
design is of the richest gothic; in this far more suit-  
able to the place than its Italian high altar, gorge-  
ous though it be, in its contrast of marbles.  
When completed, the number of stalls will be thirty-  
six; each comprehends a panelled *alto relievo*, com-  
memorative of some passage in Christ's history; a  
pair of figures of saints or evangelists; and a drooping  
figure of grotesque fancy at each division of the seats.  
All that is completed amazed us: the groups, as pos-  
sessing a homely truth, a spiritual simplicity, and an  
ingenuity of design of the highest order—not a shade  
of affectation—while the technical handling struck  
us as round and easy, without over elaboration. They  
are the sole design of a young Antwerp, who is  
little more than an infant in the eye of English law,  
François Durlé, the son of a mason of the town, an  
universal genius, who paints, and models in *terra  
cotta*, and (which is as it should be), has already more  
commissions on his hands than he has time to exe-  
cute. Much of the manual work, I was told, has  
been executed at Louvain: this, too, would seem to  
argue a general revival of one good old craft of the  
Flemings, worthy of being looked into.

Yet, strange to say, at the Exhibition of inventions  
and manufactures which we visited at Brussels, we  
were surprised by the want of finish, the clumsiness, and  
an awkward and incomplete attempt at French taste  
and style in the articles most wanted. Only the lace  
contented us: one pair of Lille silk gloves, price only  
fifteen thousand francs, were delicate enough to have  
served the Queen of the Fairies, instead of the  
Queen of the Belgians,—in the hope of whose being  
a purchaser, they were manufactured, and by whom  
they were most patriotically rejected, on the score of  
her Majesty's charity purse not being sufficiently  
ample to warrant her in such an extravagance.  
Times have changed with French royal ladies since

the days of Marie Antoinette and Josephine! Some  
of the pianofortes, too, were tolerable: but an organ,  
which was played upon, was so abominably shrill  
and brassy as to remind me of a collection of street  
Æolians. And yet, to come back to my starting point,  
the Belgians are musical in no common degree.

I saw 'La Favorite' of Donizetti given at the  
Théâtre de la Monnaie. The performance was more  
than creditable; and, as a whole, near enough to the  
average of Parisian excellence, to be unattained,  
hitherto, by any of our theatres, save the Italian  
Opera. The orchestra was excellent, though it  
seemed to me rather weak in what the Belgians are  
so strong—violin players: the chorus tolerably ready  
and firm, but not neat enough in the grand con-  
certed finales: the scenic arrangements liberal and  
magnificent to a wish. Of the performers, Mdlle.  
Julian and M. Laborde I had heard in Paris; and  
since I admired the latter in 'La Chaste Suzanne'  
of Monpou, he seems to have utterly spoiled himself  
in an attempt to reach the broad and emphatic style  
of Duprez. M. Canaple, to whom was allotted the  
part written for M. Baroilhet, pleased me far more  
by the smoothness of his baritone voice, and the  
judicious use of it, than either the heroine or the  
*primo uomo* of the Opera. As for the music, in put-  
ting on a French dress, Donizetti, like Rossini in  
his 'Guillaume Tell,' has shown how cleverly he  
could write for an orchestra: not, however, like Ros-  
sini, surprising the ear by melodies as fresh and as  
French, as though their creator had been born on the  
Boulevards. Anything drier or more meagre than  
the *cantables* and *cabaletti* of 'La Favorite,' I never  
heard. Some of the *airs de ballet* are pretty: no  
one thinks of looking for originality in those things,  
so they pass for being very charming.

Furthermore, as regards the music of Belgium, I  
have but to add, that the pretty fashion of serenades  
seemed as much in use there, as in this more gen-  
eral land of song and good fellowship. The Harmonists  
were preparing a "*Felicitissima notte*," in their best  
style, for Rubini and Persiani, who were expected to  
give concerts: and but the evening before our arrival  
his comrades had been treating with a like pleasant  
compliment, M. Meymme, who won the second prize  
at a recent examination of the pupils of the Con-  
servatoire. A mass of M. de Fienness, too, which had  
drawn a concourse of *dilettanti* to Anderlecht, where  
it had been performed, was much praised in the  
journals. More, perhaps, of Belgian art hereafter.

Ere I quit the country, however, I am sorely  
tempted to inflict upon you a moonlight walk in the  
forest of Ardennes, on the road betwixt Namur and  
Luxembourg, in the form of

#### Rhymes from a Journal.

Moonlight in Arden Wood!—have we not here  
Spirits that lurk in every long-drawn glade?  
And in these avenues of dewy shade,  
Beneath a heaven so amethystine clear,  
Will not the godly creatures deign to appear?  
Orlando, brave and tender, and the maid  
Who true Love's call so joyously obeyed  
In man's fantastic garb.—Was't not the cheer  
Of the Duke's gallant hunter-train that woke  
The fine-eared voice on yonder tufted hill?  
And yonder pilgrim 'neath the spreading oak,  
Was't not the melancholy man who spoke,  
From loving heart, cold words that seemed to kill?  
Nay—'tis a silly dream.—All, save my thoughts, are  
still!

'Tis they re-people Arden.—O the charm  
Of wandering on so rich a night as this,  
When holy in its depth the silence is,  
And the bland air the chilliest heart must warm,  
With Poets for our guiding stars!—All harm  
Endured in towns, and poisoning mortal bliss,  
All selfish thoughts that rule the heart amiss,  
Drop from us here like shadows, by the alarm  
Of day chased downward from the mountain's brow:  
Seer! whose oracles with love imbue  
Even Nature, bounteous in her charms as now,  
To thee, with the remembered balm and dew  
Of this rare night, with swelling breast, I vow  
A shrine, deep in my heart, to consecrate anew.

H. F. C.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We observe by *The Times* of this morning, (Friday) that papers have been received from Liberia, the American settlement on the African coast, which announce the arrival of the Niger Expedition in Montserado Roads after a favourable passage, all well.—This is the only news of the class and character with which, as literary journalists, we concern ourselves, unless indeed we were to record the babble about Mesmerism, the new art of procuring sleep at will, or Bernard Cavanagh, the wonderful fasting Irishman, signs and portents of the year of grace 1841! There is indeed an unusual quiet in the great metropolis in all matters concerning literature and art. We have therefore turned to the foreign journals, to see how our neighbours are engaged, and what promise they hold forth.

The Minister of Public Instruction in France, has named the committee which is to preside over the formation of the great general catalogue of all the manuscripts existing in the various public libraries of that nation, to which we alluded some weeks ago. The following are its members—M. Leclerc, the President of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, MM. Hase, Reynaud and Libri, members of the Institute, and M. Danton, chief Secretary at the Ministry of Public Instruction. M. Ravaisson, Inspector General of the Libraries of France, has the privilege of being present at the sittings of the committee. The same minister, in conjunction with the Ministers for Foreign Affairs and War, and with the governors of the royal libraries at the Chambers of Peers and Deputies, had confided to M. Melchior Tiran, a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, the important charge of collecting in Spain, all such works, whether printed or manuscript, as are wanting to the archives and great literary establishments of France.

France is multiplying her monuments to the memory of her illustrious men with unprecedented rapidity and zeal. We mentioned, lately, the intended erection of a statue to the Abbé de l'Épée in his native town of Versailles; and may add to that account the following description of a modest monument just completed to the same benefactor of his kind in one of the chapels of the church of Saint-Roch—the design of which seems to us to be touching and appropriate in its simplicity. The group is surmounted by the bust of the Abbé himself, and beneath are two deaf-and-dumb children, in the act of giving expression to their gratitude, by means of the mimic language which he invented and taught. The children are united by a garland of funeral flowers, within whose enclosure, and overshadowed by the cross, is placed the material representation of the Abbé's art—his alphabet. The bust and statues are of bronze, and the other portions of the monument are executed in stone. A bronze statue, by Bra, has just been inaugurated in the court of the amphitheatre of the Military Hospital of Val-de-Grace, to the celebrated medical professor Broussais; and a subscription, headed by the King, princes, and members of the Academy of Sciences, has been set on foot for a monument to the memory of Poisson, at Pithiviers, his native town. A statue is also about to be erected in the town of Andelys to the memory of Nicholas Poussin.

At the late meeting of the Scientific Congress at Lyons, the Abbé Croizet read a paper on some sarcophagi, discovered near a very old church in the department of Puy-de-Dôme. One of these sarcophagi contained a skeleton, which was covered, 1st, with a layer of earth; 2nd, a layer of lime; 3rd, one of charcoal; it was enveloped in linen bandages, and was laid upon green and red argil, and aromatic plants, some seeds from which have reproduced rosemary and camomile. By the side of this sarcophagus there were eighty others, each bearing a marble tablet with an inscription; the most remarkable was Vixit annus LXX, instead of *annos*, a solecism which M. Guillard explains by the Saxon pronunciation of *u* in *on*. At the same meeting M. Martin mentioned that the villages of Arbigny, Saint Benique, Boz, &c., on the banks of the Saône, are inhabited by descendants of the Saracens.

## THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The TWO NEW PICTURES now exhibiting, represent the Interior of the CATHEDRAL OF AUCH, in the South of France, and the SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, taken from a sketch made on the spot by D. Roberts, R.A., in 1839, with various effects of light and shade. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux. Open from Ten till Five.

DAGUERRETYPE and ELECTROTYPE PORTRAITS and GROUPS are taken on an improved plan at the ROYAL ADELPHI GALLERY, LOWTHER ARCADE, STRAND, by Mr. CLAUDET, who, by a chemical process, fixes his pictures, which they can neither fade nor turn black. The state of the weather does not impede his process; any number of Electrotype Copies, equal to the original, may be taken, and no Portrait need be paid for unless the likeness be approved of. Various novelties now in preparation will be complete on Monday the 27th inst., when the Gallery will also be thrown open as an Evening Exhibition.—Open daily from half-past 10 till 6 o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Children, half-price.

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## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

The popularity of 'Money' perhaps induced the manager of the HAYMARKET to play 'Riches,' for the sake of the synonymous appellation bestowed upon it by the executioner, who subjected Massinger's towering 'City Madam' to the procrustean operation necessary to fit the part of *Luke* to the dimensions of modern tragedians, who must needs fill a whole play of themselves; but we doubt if 'Riches' will bring money to the treasury: it is a disagreeable play at best, and its violent contrasts are made more harsh by the mutilation; nor does Mr. Macready lessen the shock of the sudden changes in the mood of *Luke*, by the monotonous gloom with which he invests the character, omitting all indications of the subtlety and dissimulation, which are no less prominent traits than the abject servility and heartless tyranny of the selfish prodigal. Mrs. Stirling's *Lady Frayne* was the most animated and natural piece of acting in the play, though her person is scarcely suited to the swelling port of the city madam. Sheridan Knowles's forgotten play 'The Beggar of Bethnal Green' is to be performed on Tuesday.

A smart, sarcastic trifle, adapted to the stage from the papers of Theodore Hook, with the title of 'Pug; or a Widow's Tears,' has been played at the ENGLISH OPERA this week; Miss J. Mordaunt personating the blooming widow, whose lamentations for the supposed loss of her pet pug dog, are mistaken for grief at the death of her husband; the young lady would have appeared to much more advantage had she thought less of the audience.

At the NEW STRAND Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are playing 'Punch': the names are enough to bespeak the merriment created, which we have only heard of, not enjoyed.

## MISCELLANEA

*Fowler's Calculating Machine.*—(From a Correspondent)—I read with much interest the account given of Mr. Fowler's calculating machine in a late number of the *Athenæum* (p. 700), and could not but be struck with the justice of the observation there made, that the most remarkable feature of Mr. Fowler's contrivance is the system of numerical notation adopted in it. The system in question rests on the simple principle that all numbers may be expressed in powers of 3: thus 100 may be written  $3^4 + 3^3 - 3^2 - 3^0$ , or  $81 + 27 - 9 - 1$ . Hence it is obvious that the element  $3^0$  may be omitted, provided that its sign + or - occupies the station from left to right corresponding to its power, beginning from  $3^0$  or 1. Thus  $100 = + + - 0 -$ , each sign, proceeding from the right, affecting all that follow, as if they were written with connecting lines above.

Respecting the advantages and disadvantages of this mode of notation, there is much to be said. But my object at present is simply to solve a problem proposed by your Reporter. He says of this system—"The great defect of it at present, is, that the translation of a given number into the ternary com-

bination of signs suited to express it, requires the aid of very voluminous tables. We can conceive however, that some simple method of translation may be devised, and to this we beg to direct the attention of its ingenious author." Now I hope to be able to show that a very compendious table, with a very few rules, will be quite sufficient. The Table which I propose consists of three columns, in which are respectively arranged the indexes of the powers, the powers themselves, and the sums of the powers at each step of the series. Thus—

Index.	Power.	Sum.
0	1	1
1	3	4
2	9	13
3	27	40
4	81	121
5	243	364

The mode of using this table may be briefly described. All the numbers between any two terms in the third column begin with the power corresponding to the latter of them; thus all the numbers from 13 to 40 will have  $3^2$  for their first term, and this term will be followed by + or -, according as the proposed number is greater or less than it; hence the numbers lying between limits which are *not* on the same line in the table, as between 1 and 3, 4 and 9, 13 and 27, &c., have the negative sign after the first term; those between limits on the same line have plus. Thus, suppose we are required to write 100 in ternary combinations. Then since 100 lies between 81 and 121, the expression must begin with  $3^4$  or 81 followed by +. But the difference between 81 and 100, or 19, lies between 27 and 13, we must therefore write  $3^3$  or 27 -; and because the difference between 19 and 27 is 8, we write in like manner  $3^2 - 3^0$  or 9 - 1, so that the result is

$$81 + 27 - 9 - 1, \text{ or } + + - 0 -.$$

Again, let us take 152: since this number lies between 121 and 243, we must write  $3^5$  or 243 -; but 91, the difference between 243 and 152, lies between 81 and 121; we, therefore, add  $81 +$ ; but the remaining difference 10 is found between terms in the same line, viz. 9 and 13; we, therefore, subjoin  $9 + 1$ , and the result is

$$243 - 81 + 9 + 1, \text{ or } + - 0 + 0 +.$$

I shall offer two more examples, in order to exhibit more fully the mode of operation. Let it be required to write 273 merely in signs. The process will be as follows:—

273
243
30
27
3
3
0

Thus it appears that  $273 = 243 + 27 + 3$ , or  $3^5 + 3^3 + 3^1$ , or  $+ 0 + 0 + 0$ .

Now let us take 221:—

221
243
22
27
5
9
4
3
1

Here the result is

$$3^5 - 3^3 - 3^2 - 3^1 + 3^0, \text{ or } + 0 - - - +.$$

If it be considered that the 25th power of 3 is 789,189,407,883, and that the 26th power is a number of thirteen places, it will be evident that a very moderate-sized table, capable of being contained in less than half a column of the *Athenæum*, will be sufficient for all ordinary calculations.

The demonstration of the rules given above will readily occur to those acquainted with the doctrine of Combinations, and I shall not, therefore, trouble you with it; but I cannot help observing that the calculation of combinations seems to lie quite within the province of mechanism, and, therefore, the transference of the ordinary numbers into the ternary combination ought to be effected by the machine itself.

I am, &c. W. D. C.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—'A Lover of Justice' ought to know that it would be unjust to publish an anonymous letter on the subject, or to allow it to influence our opinion.



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